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The Margate Conference

ANYONE who believed the stories in last Sunday's Press about "splits in the Cabinet," and anticipates a knock-about battle between a Morrisonian Right and a Bevanite Left is in for a disappointment, when the Labour Party conference begins at Margate next Monday. Of course, there have been differences about steel nationalisation and the importance which further nationalisation proposals should have in the election programme; of course, there are personal rivalries and jealousies within the Government. But in the Labour Movement steel is a dead issue (everyone agrees that the new Corporation should get on with its job), and disputes about nationalisation have been pushed into the background by the Korean war and the economic problems arising out of rearmament.

Moreover the Korean war—and in particular Mr. Attlee's leadership since last July—have removed any possibility of a foreign policy split. Mr. Bevin will not have to fly back from New York to defend himself against any real or imaginary stabs in the back. Indeed, he must sometimes be embarrassed by the applause which he is now receiving from the Left Wing of the Party for his success in destroying bi-partisanship and battling alongside Mr. Acheson against the allied forces of Mr. Churchill and General MacArthur. Nor will rearmament as such divide the Conference. Though a large part of the Party and indeed of the country is profoundly unhappy and perplexed by renewed war preparations, the Premier is only denounced by the Communists and a comparatively few hesitant pacifists for doing too much; for doing too little he is attacked only by the Tory press. He will argue that our defence plans are a fair British contribution to collective security, big enough to show the Russians that we are in earnest without making war inevitable; yet not so big that they jeopardise the economic and social policy, which is the real answer of democratic Socialism to Communism.

It is only when the Conference turns to domestic affairs that trouble can be expected. But here again there will be no clear-cut division between Left and Right. What worries delegates are the old problems, housing, the cost of living, excessive profits, and the disappointments of nationalisation. There will be persuasive demands from the floor for more housing, lower prices, a capital levy and some Socialism in the nationalised industries. But these demands will be the expression of grievances, the request that "something should be done." There will be no rival policy to divide the platform from the floor, the constituency parties from the trade unions, or the Left from the Right.

This means that a heavy responsibility rests on the leadership. It will be able to get away with almost anything because there will be no organised opposition to present an alternative policy, or, even more important, an alternative leadership. In particular, there will be every temptation to evade the central issue of wages, prices and profits on which the development of British Socialism depends. The Trade Union delegations will not urge the Government to tackle it; the delegates from the constituencies will fight shy of it because they feel it to be "a trade union issue"; and no prominent politician will prejudice his place on the Executive by pulling the skeleton out of the cupboard. There is every danger, in fact, that the whole issue will be shelved by common agreement.

Yet one thing surely is clear Inside and outside the Labour Movement, the chief concern today is not more or less nationalisation but a long list of unanswered questions: is my wage packet or my salary cheque a fair return for my labour? Is the miner too well paid in comparison with the schoolmaster or the maintenance engineer? Should we drive skill out of industry by meeting the claims of the lower-paid workers and narrowing differentials? Is the workers' slice of the national cake too small in comparison with profits? And finally, if we all try to get more, will not the effect merely be to force prices up still further?

It is vital that the platform at Margate should face the problem of a national wages and profits policy. Of course there is no ready-made solution. What is needed next week is the acceptance by Government spokesmen of the principle that wages and profits are a matter of Government policy and that the Trade Unions can only be expected to modify new demands if a Government over-all policy emerges. The socialisation of wages and profits is still nothing more than a phrase. The Margate Conference could bring it a step nearer to reality.

Mr. Acheson's Proposals

It is undeniable that the Soviet Union has abused the veto and that, in the early days of the United Nations when America was still disarming and anxious for compromise, Russia threw away opportunities for peaceful agreement in various parts of the world. But that is no argument for Mr. Acheson's proposal to circumvent the existence of the veto on the Security Council. The veto was an integral part of the U.N. conception and was demanded as much by the United States as by the U.S.S.R. herself. Issues of peace and war which involve America, Russia, Britain and India, for instance, cannot be settled by majority votes of small Powers. The superficial case for Mr. Acheson's proposal is that the United Nations has been able to act in Korea because, by what was presumably a Soviet miscalculation, Russia was still boycotting the Security Council when the North Korean armies moved over the 38th parallel. Russia is likely now to correct this mistake and to remain in the Security Council so that, on any future occasion, America will not be in a position legally to carry the United Nations with her. To arrange for the Assembly to have the Security Council's right of action, however, will seem to many people a sign that America has given up the hope of peace. America would always be in a position to mobilise her numerous satellites all over the world against action described as Communist aggression, while in the case of an action which the Eastern Powers regard as "aggression," Russia, with a permanent minority and no veto, would have no recourse but that of private action, unauthorised by the United Nations.

Provoked, it may be said, by Moscow, America proposes herself to dominate the world by rearming in Germany those very groups which made the last war, by making a peace with Japan which will give a completely free hand to the old Japanese war lords and by reorganising the U.N. so that in all circumstances American policy will be supported and Soviet policy rejected. Possibly it was this that Mr. Churchill had in mind when he remarked the other day in the House of Commons that world war might come either as the result of Soviet policy or "because of the anger of the people in the United States at the treatment they are receiving and the burden they have to bear."

Thought Control in the U.S.A.

The enactment of the anti-Communist Bill by Congress has two remarkable features: the courage of Harry Truman in vetoing it, and the pusillinamity of the Liberal-minded Congressmen and Senators who joined in over-riding his veto. Mr. Lehmann of New York was the only Senator, up for re-election, who opposed the Bill, everyone else capitulated to the prevailing hysteria in a mood which reminds one of the German Reichstag's surrender to Hitler.

Mr. Truman's message giving his reasons for exercising the veto is a quite annihilating document and contains the finest defence of democratic liberty which we have read for a long time. It explains point by point how the Bill will actually obstruct the work of the counter-Intelligence authorities; how, as well as destroying the right of asylum, it will actually forbid entry to the U.S.A. to every Spaniard and Yugoslav; how it will make it easier for foreign Communists to become citizens; and, finally, how it will destroy the fabric of civil liberty for the whole American people by making menal attitudes as well as actions criminal. The Bill, says Mr. Truman bluntly, puts the Government of the United States in the thought control business.

Integrated Forces for Europe?

Nothing emerged—at least officially—from the meeting of the six Foreign Ministers and Defence Ministers in New York at the end of last week except that the Ministers were concerned with "effecting their common purpose to build an adequate integrated defence force for Europe." All that this seems to mean at the moment, apparently, is that the joint military planning already set in motion by the Brussels Pact will be fitted into a new and larger framework which is to include the United States. "Integration" does not yet mean the raising of a "European army": it means simply that there is to be an integration of commitments. It would be unwise, however, to think that the Americans have therefore abandoned their plan to raise a fully integrated force in Europe to which the West Germans would make a substantial contribution—and over which the supreme military command would be placed in American hands. Furthermore, Mr. Bevin does not appear to have maintained his earlier opposition to West German remilitarisation.

In Western Germany, meanwhile, the High Commissioners have been busy passing on the good news that the Bonn Government is now permitted to advance several important steps towards sovereignty. M. Schuman's objections to raising the steel quota for the Ruhr were by-passed by leaving the "ceiling" of 11.1 million tons formally intact, but deciding that German steel may be used for defence purposes—to a degree which the three occupying Powers are to decide—and that steel thus used will not be "charged" against the quota. As the Americans are now purchasing German steel to an extent which has eliminated the surplus which lately threatened, this means that Ruhr production may shortly advance to 13 million tons or more.

Nehru Carries the Day

The least expected aspect of the Congress meeting at Nasik was the measure of support given to Pandit Nehru by Mr. Tandon, the new Congress President. Mr. Tandon stands for a Hindu, Hindi-speaking India in which no-one eats meat, wears leather shoes or kills cows, however hungry or diseased. Pandit Nehru stands for a welfare state in which minorities can freely exercise their religion and their democratic rights. He carried Congress with him and was on many points supported by Mr. Tandon. On foreign affairs the Congress welcomed the decision to stay within the Commonwealth, though the Mahasabha and the Socialists opposed; and there was an overwhelming support for Pandit Nehru's policy of support for Communist China's right to be accepted on the Security Council, and for preventing India's alignment with either of the two great Power blocks. For the time being at least Pandit Nehru has won on all points and, in spite of their basic differences on social affairs, Nehru and Patel can continue to govern India together. On the communal issue the spirit of the murdered Mahatma is still effective in India, but communal fanaticism remains far the most dangerous of India's problems and it will continue to do so as long as the running sore of Kashmir problem is unhealed. Sir Owen Dixon's report describing his reasons for his failure to solve the Kashmir dispute has created anger in Pakistan. This, however, does not mean that it will necessarily please India.

France and German Rearmament

Our Paris Correspondent writes: If one were to listen to the French Communists only, one would gain the impression that the French Government is completely unanimous in agreeing to any amount of German rearmament that may be prescribed by the Americans. But in reality there seem to be some considerable differences, notably between M. Schuman, the Foreign Minister, and M. Moch, the Minister of Defence who, together with Mr. Shinwell, arrived in New York last week. M. Schuman, for all his "resistance" to German rearmament, has, in fact, been preparing French public opinion for it during the last two years, and, in his recent talks with Count Sforza, he admitted that he personally considered it "natural and inevitable." M. Moch's arrival in New York is calculated to stiffen the French attitude.

An article in *France-Soir* from its correspondent in New York, clearly inspired by M. Moch, described how, on his arrival in New York, the French Minister of Defence was immediately visited, by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Spofford's right-hand man on the Atlantic Council. Mr. Cooper said that he considered war not unlikely, and that Western Europe must rearm with the utmost speed. To this M. Moch "reflecting the French Government's views," is said to have replied that he did not much relish the prospect of having a German army established in Europe, since the Russian danger might well, one day, diminish. M. Moch then went to see Mr. Shinwell, and found him, apparently, in much the same situation as himself: while he was by no means favourable to German rearmament, Mr. Bevin, "sick and feeble" had already "given way all along the line." What is more, "the Americans had made it clear that if they did not receive satisfaction from the French over the question of German rearmament, the United States might well withdraw their offer of troops and dollars for European defence." The *France-Soir* article has aroused a good deal of comment here, one of the more malicious comments being, of course, that M. Moch is merely trying to shift the blame on to M. Schuman for any failure to prevent, or, at any rate, delay the rearmament of Germany.

PRINTING DISPUTE

The dispute in the printing industry, as our readers will have learned from the daily press, has again been revived this week as a result of the breakdown of negotiations. This issue of the *N. S. & N.* has been produced under conditions of great difficulty.

We must ask the indulgence of our readers and advertisers for delays, shortcomings and errors of various kinds which are unavoidable in the circumstances of this week's production.

American Report

On the typewriter counter at Macy's, the New York department store, there are a number of demonstration models. Shoppers stop, type a few words—" now is the time for all good men . . . " seems to be a favourite phrase, and drift away. But, as I turned the platen to find space for a few words of my own, I noticed the last typed line : " Dear President Truman," it ran, " please work for peace in the world." Later the same day, at a performance of *All Quiet On The Western Front*, which is showing all over town, there was general applause when one of the soldiers suggests that the best way to stop a war is " to put all the kings and politicians in a field, wearing nothing but their underpants, and then let them fight it out." Both incidents reflect the same mood : even though there is now a shooting war in Korea, though every day one meets people who are about to be drafted into the Army, and though such things as the banning of police sirens in New York except to sound an air-raid warning underline official preparation for war on a wider scale, a great many Americans still believe that war can be averted or at least postponed.

Bellicose speeches always have good news value, and Senator McCarthy's loud denunciations of Communism, or the Pacific geopolitics of General MacArthur and his Republican claque, make the front pages of European newspapers with ease. The same is true of the trial balloons which the friends of former Defence Secretary Johnson, who believe in an early preventive war, have been sending up in recent weeks. But it would be a serious mistake to confuse the wilder fantasies which are the stock-in-trade of the sensational Press and irresponsible politicians with the official policy of the Administration or with the more moderate and still influential currents of American opinion. Inflammatory talk naturally gets more publicity : for one thing, it is much harder to assess and to report the pressures for peace.

Yet the distinction matters, and no realistic analysis should overlook it. It is a distinction that is made here between a Communist hysteria and a war hysteria. Certainly, the United States has gone very far in its domestic campaign against Communism. But there is still a big gap between chasing and suppressing Communists in New Rochelle, or Birmingham, Alabama, and becoming involved in a devastating world conflict, if that can be avoided. I have found many Americans who favour drastic action at home against the Communists, on the grounds that they are a dangerous conspiracy of foreign agents, but who argue that a settlement with the Soviet Union is still possible, that the Chinese Communists should be admitted to the U.N., and that talk of a preventive war is dangerously provocative. In a few months, perhaps, that gap could be closed. But there is no doubt that at present it exists.

Of course, a campaign against internal Communism is closely related to foreign affairs, and to relations with the Communist countries overseas. But different groups dominate in each field. It is possible, for technical reasons, for Senator McCarthy to initiate and direct a witch-hunt against " Communists and homosexuals " in Government service. The House Un-American Committee has contacts with the Press through which it can feed half-truths and rumour into the newspapers, and it has a free hand in deciding whom or what it shall investigate. Congress may promote and carry legislation, as it has passed a modified version of the McCarran Bill this week, making it mandatory for all Communists and members of " front " organisations to register as foreign agents under pain of heavy penalties, and providing for their internment in the event of war. And Congress may make such a law in the face of strong protests and even a veto from the President. All this can be done, for the most part, by men who in England would be in the Opposition and denied the use of official machinery.

Now it is true that the Administration and the Democrats have followed along behind the newspapers and the Republicans in the hue and cry after the Communists. But there are political reasons for this. With an election due in November, there is stiff competition for the anti-Communist vote, and each time that the Republicans raise the ante the Democrats feel obliged to meet it. The President may veto a Bill : a majority of his party in Congress may still vote for it to persuade their constituents that, when G.I.s are dying in Korea, the Democrats are not " soft " towards the American sympathisers of the " Gooks." When the McCarran Bill was first presented, for instance, Democrats opposed it on the grounds that its sweeping and loosely-worded clauses endangered the liberties of many non-Communists. But they then demonstrated their own hostility towards Communism by putting forward the Kilgore amendment which permitted the internment of Communists. Thus, in this field, the extremists can make the running because the opposition they encounter is largely on questions of tactics and not of principle. To-day there is very little opposition on principle left. Criticism begins when the chase turns aside from Communists and pursues New Dealers, or men such as Owen Lattimore, who make convenient scapegoats for vote-seeking Republicans : even General Marshall has been attacked by Senator Jenner as " a living lie . . . a front men for traitors."

In foreign affairs the Administration retains a much greater measure of control, though here, too, the President is under pressure and has to consider the domestic consequences of his actions. There is, clearly, far more caution in the White House than there has been on Capitol Hill and, there is reason to believe, a far more realistic appraisal of the strategic and political problems now facing the United States. It is in this field that one must search for the answers to the questions now being asked in Europe. It is fair, for instance, for someone in London or Paris, looking at the American scene from a distance of three thousand miles, to ask whether the United States has yet passed the point of no return in the Cold War ; whether, the question continues, the mobilisation programme has acquired a momentum of its own which cannot be arrested this side of open and wholesale conflict. After all, it will not be long before the United States has three million men under arms ; and within a year the rate of spending on war preparations will be almost equivalent to the entire British national income. Anyone, moreover, who studies the present shape of the American economy is entitled to ask how important this spending—which includes economic and military aid to America's allies—has become to the economy. Could it be drastically reduced without removing vital supports from the greatest pyramid of prosperity that the United States has ever built ?

It is easier to ask these questions in Europe than to answer them in New York. The truth is that nobody really knows the answers. Plenty of guesses can be made, but they depend largely upon the political bias of the guesser. A case can be made, and supported by much evidence, to show that American capitalism could not now manage without the great volume of Government spending ; that the Budget is too heavily weighted (it will soon approach one-half) with war expenditure ; and that it is now almost impossible to halt this drift before some incident will start an explosion of atomic size. I have heard such guesses made by responsible people. But on the other side must be put a different argument. Its advocates set American mobilisation against the scale of the nation's resources. True, they concede, it is colossal in size. Yet America is so wealthy to-day that the programme outlined by President Truman after the Korean war began can be carried out with little more proportionate diversion of factories, materials and man-power than is required by the present burden of British armament and overseas commitments. What is it, they ask, that makes Europeans mistake a limited preparation against war for something like all-out mobilisation ? For in terms of the economy at least, they suggest, there is no sign that the point of no return has yet been reached.

(To be continued)

Norman MacKenzie

New York, September 22nd.

London Diary

When both the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* report that Mr. Bevan is leading a Left-wing revolt, it is natural to assume that there must be something in it. This time, however, it would be quite wrong to do so. Indeed the whole idea that the Cabinet or for that matter the Parliamentary Party is divided into Morrisonian and Bevanite camps is quite ridiculous. The fact is that, with Sir Stafford Cripps and Ernest Bevin so much away this summer, the Prime Minister and Mr. Morrison are the undisputed masters of the situation both within the palace of Westminster and at Transport House. Despite his enormous

popularity in the local Labour Parties, Aneurin Bevan is a lonely and rather enigmatic figure. Since the election and his reported disappointment at not being moved from the Ministry of Health, he has certainly made no effort to organise a Left-wing faction; and even if he wanted to, I doubt whether he knows what policy the faction would fight for. In foreign affairs he has for long been one of the strongest anti-Communists in the Cabinet. Indeed, at the time of the Berlin air lift, I believe that he criticised Ernest Bevin very severely for "failing to call the Russian bluff" by pushing a land convoy along the Autobahn. It is also known that he was one of those who objected to the Schuman Plan on principle; and I think that it is his view that British Socialism has a great deal more in common with the American Fair Deal than with anything in Europe. On the domestic front, it is, of course, true that in the summer of 1947, along with John Strachey, he took the lead inside the Cabinet in defeating Herbert Morrison's efforts to water down steel nationalisation; and this summer at Dorking, he was certainly opposed to dropping cement, sugar and insurance from the party programme. But since then, as the recent policy manifesto showed, a formula has been agreed and it would be impossible for anybody to make "more or less nationalisation" an issue of principle at Margate. The grain of truth in last Sunday's stories is that Aneurin Bevan shares the *Tribune's* dislike of Herbert Morrison and also his domination of the Party. But he is far too shrewd a politician to let mutual resentment develop into an open row just before a Party Conference at which unity will be essential if Labour is to win the next election.

* * *

The official statement from No. 10 that no discussions have been taking place about an early election, is much more than a denial of current rumours. It indicates clearly the Prime Minister's positive policy. He feels, quite rightly, that there is no public demand for an election at such a critical period and he resents Mr. Churchill's attempts to foist one on the nation. But if the Labour Government is to continue in office and carry out the Defence plans, Mr. Attlee has made up his mind that it is not going to do so by accepting a tacit Conservative veto on Socialist measures. Despite its tiny majority, therefore, the Government will continue to carry out its programme. In Mr. Attlee's view this involves not merely putting the Steel Act into operation, but going ahead in the King's Speech with a useful programme of legislation. If the Tories find some items even less to their liking than the Steel Corporation—as they may well do—it is up to them to force the issue. They could easily do so in a Parliament so evenly divided. But *if* they do, the onus of dividing the country at a time of crisis will be on them.

* * *

I am not surprised to hear that Solly Sachs, the energetic and successful secretary of the South African Garment Workers' Union, is among the first dozen persons to be cited under Dr. Malan's so-called Suppression of Communism Act. The principal object of this Act was not the suppression of Communism but the removal from effective influence on the political scene of all those persons who have taken a stand against the reactionary and racial policies of the Nationalists. Sachs takes a high place amongst these, and accordingly the Nationalist Government is using the Suppression Act to detach him from his trade union leadership. He is cited as "having been" a member of the South African Communist Party, although his resignation from that Party occurred in 1931; and is invited, if he wishes to retain his official position, to go through the costly and perhaps vain procedure of proving in the courts that the citation is unjust. I gather that it is Sachs's view that the "liquidator"—as the official placed in charge of administering the Act is appropriately known—has exceeded his powers. If he can gain a hearing before the Supreme Court he may yet beat the Government, for the Supreme Court in South Africa has so far managed to keep itself surprisingly clear of political bias; but the Government may be presumed to have thought of this as well. Nationalist electoral gains in South-West Africa lately are certain to have strengthened Malan's intentions of pushing his fanatical and fascist doctrines to the limit.

* * *

Owing to the printers' dispute this is the first chance I have had of saying a word in memory of Olaf Stapledon. His scientific books showed even more imagination, I think, than those of H. G. Wells, but they had no Wellsian flair for characterisation. He had real independence of outlook and was one of the few writers dealing with social topics who was not swayed to the Left or Right by the tide of events. I think it was just a sense of duty which made him speak in public and take part in politics; he was a shy man. I had known him off and on for a good many years but not realised until the Wroclaw Conference either that he was over 60 (he did not look to me more than 45) or that he would be prepared to take a stand so far to the Left as he did. He confided to me, however, his distress at the violence and intolerance of the Communist revivalism at Wroclaw and he left, I know, with considerable doubts about a Peace Movement which was only interested in condemning the "warmongering" of the West and completely unwilling to permit any word of criticism of Soviet policy. Yet he decided to stand by the Peace campaign as long as possible, and became famous as the only British delegate to the New York Conference to whom the Americans would allot a visa.

* * *

The morning of Saturday, 16th, was perfection. A day of gold and blue, as warm and fresh as only a September day can be. "It will be blowing up for rain," said Mr. Park. "Yes," I said, shaking my head dolefully, "it is too bright to last, and the B.B.C. says that dirty weather will spread to all parts of the country." It was disappointing, we agreed; we had promised to meet some friends for a jaunt to the Constable country. As the sun persisted, we said: "Well, we might get there before the rain, anyway. Let's chance it." We got to the village of Dedham, one of the loveliest in East Anglia, just as the shops were being shut for the lunch hour. The church and the village street were bathed in sunlight. "We're lucky," we said. "It has taken a bit longer for the rain to come than the B.B.C. reckoned," and we went off to Flatford Mill and ate lunch by the side of the water with mackintoshes handy. The sun poured down and we talked about bathing. We wandered round the Centre which is run by the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies; we talked to staff and students who were studying birds and salt and fresh water life and painting and apparently having a very good time. It was still fine at Walberswick and Southwold, where we spent the night, and it hadn't rained when we got to Lavenham and Kersey next day. It was only when we were driving home in the afternoon that the dirty weather came. That night there was a gale, which brought to the ground the Cox's, the Blenheims and most of the pears. The B.B.C. was perfectly right; it had been blowing up for rain. But, as in most prophecy, the timing was wrong. If we'd followed the prophets we shouldn't have seen the trees and the church and the mill in the sunlight as Constable painted them.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

In a drive by night my wife was bathed in an eerie glow. The lipstick I had admired turned to horrible yellow. I thought: "Was this the woman I married?" Street lighting will have to come under a centralised authority.—Lord Lucas, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, at Bournemouth. *News Chronicle.* (J. M. Horne).

"LE STEAK PIE DU COTTAGE."—*Savoy Hotel Luncheon Menu.* (Kenneth McGregor).

A Bond Street firm will complete within a few days an order from Mr. Winston Churchill for two pairs of blue velvet carpet slippers embroidered with scroll work in gold wire and with his initials in 2½in. gold letters on the toes. They will cost £14 a pair. Mr. Churchill's first pair of these ornate slippers were ordered during the war.—*Daily Mail.* (Joan Bourne).

"To put it mildly—this is really disgraceful behaviour," said Mr. R. M. J. Pendred, Chairman of Hendon Magistrates, today, when he fined a trolleybus conductor £3 for wilfully misbehaving while the conductor of a stage-carriage. The conductor . . . rang the emergency bell, stopped the bus, took the poles off the wires, ordered all the passengers off, and said: "I am finished with the Transport Board." The trolley-bus had to be taken out of service. Smith is now a horse driver on the railway.—*Evening News.* (C. Lawson Tancred).

If you are annoyed by some case of gross impartiality, you should protest to the B.B.C. and send a copy of your letter to Mr. Wigg.—*New Statesman and Nation.* (P. V. Youle).

Sir Malcolm Sargent, who is fast becoming the real pal of the Prom audience, conducted the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, who in the circumstances did remarkably well.—Scott Goddard in *News Chronicle.* (Miss L. Shklovsky).

Can any reader tell me what it means to dream of a parrot smoking a cigarette, flying on to my shoulder and making friends?—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (W. E. Prior.)

R.Q.M.S. B—— said the party at the sergeants' mess was very lively. Captain M—— was quite sober; his speech was normal apart from his Scottish accent.—*Star*. (Patricia Long.)

Open Letter to Mr. Bevan

DEAR MR. BEVAN,

When you study the progress reports of your Regional Hospital Boards from all over the country you must feel that the duty laid upon you by the National Health Service Act to provide a hospital and specialist service for the nation is being well and soundly discharged. Circumstances have led you, perhaps, to a somewhat stricter control over the Boards' finances than you might have wished, but in planning the specialist services of their Regions you have properly left them much independence. My reason for writing you now, more in my professional capacity as a specialist than as an old Socialist, is that I feel you may be unaware of how little responsibility in planning and organisation the Boards have delegated in their turn to the local Hospital Management Committees. In particular, the Medical Advisory Committees composed of the specialists of the local hospitals are feeling frustrated and unhappy, more planned against than planning, and only too often thoroughly disgruntled with the turn of events. It is true that these Committees are not Statutory Bodies; they are there only for the purpose of advising the Management Committees when expert information is required. But their members happen to be the surgeons and physicians who will have to care for their patients under the new arrangements of the Service, and if they are inefficient or mediocre because discontented then the whole Service will suffer. Let me illustrate the point from the experiences of my own Committee.

We were constituted as the medical counterpart of our Hospital Management Committee amid great enthusiasm in the hectic days of July, 1948. All of us wanted to get on with the job of organising the medical work in the several hospitals of our Group in the most efficient and satisfactory way. At the request of the Board we set ourselves to compose detailed plans. Sub-committees were formed dealing with the many different specialists, and I think it can be truthfully said that something new and good emerged. The plan was submitted to the Management Committee, which endorsed it and sent it up to the Regional Board, and that was the last we heard of it.

Last summer the Board announced that it had prepared an overall plan for our Group after careful consideration of our proposals. The two leading administrators of the Board came down for a quarter of an hour, waved a mass of foolscap in front of the noses of our chairman and secretary in a private session and went away again. A little later we were all handed copies of their plan. It was entirely different from the one on which we had spent so much time and sweat, it ignored almost completely the local needs and conditions, and to rub salt into the wound it was accompanied by a letter stating that it had been accepted by us after full discussion. In fact, none of us had ever so much as seen it. The same thing was happening all over the Region.

You may, perhaps, be able to form some idea of the bitter resentment we felt at this Berchtesgaden technique by reminding yourself of your own reaction to the unfeeling and unimaginative Whitehall handling of the depressed areas in the years between the wars. Just when we felt we had been given the chance to do something to effect a badly needed improvement in hospital services, a bureaucratic central body ignored our hard work and introduced a paper plan based on an entirely theoretical allocation of beds and specialists. We were invited to make our criticisms and we did so. Again our Management Committee, with whom we have always been on the best of terms, accepted them and sent them up to headquarters. And again, save for a very few minor modifications, the Board refused to accept them, though another circular announced that they had been given full and careful consideration.

Very serious disaffection began to develop. Increasing dissatisfaction with the tide of affairs now produced a situation where the Board came to be looked on as the natural enemy of the front-line specialist in the local hospital. I cannot speak for other parts of the country. But now it is the conventional attitude of every doctor I have met in any hospital of the Region—and it is one of the most heavily populated in the country—that the Regional Board which was set up to help us to help our patients is at best a variable natural hazard, like the weather, and at worst a malignant centralised officialdom.

Now this may well be due in part to the natural conservatism of doctors; no one likes being involved in a historical process which upsets his daily life even though the process is inevitable and essentially laudable. But, although it is true that an occasional general practitioner may have allowed political opposition to the Health Service to lead him to obstruct it where he could, this has not been the case with the hospital services. I assure you that, whatever our political complexion, we are all moved only by the desire to improve the service we render our patients.

Only the other day a very senior administrative officer himself came down from headquarters to quell the mutiny. Like so many other senior officials he is an ex-Army administrator. His circulars are couched in places in the military phraseology which ordains that on such and such a day all the beds of this specialty *will* move to another hospital. He made it clear that we were expected to operate the plan without further demur. After all, had not the Board been advised by our own colleagues, in the form of a Regional Advisory Sub-committee for each branch of specialist work—surgery, medicine, gynæcology, etc.? And had not the Board sympathetically considered all our objections, even though financial difficulties made it impossible to comply with any of them? And were we not being rather an obstructionist lot? After all, he had to make a progress report to the Minister and if our duties were not being fulfilled according to the contracts we had signed we might find ourselves in a very awkward position indeed. Why not take our coats off and give his plan a trial?

Now our trouble is not that we won't take our coats off but that we have already begun to put them on again. The officials of the Board regard it as their job to co-ordinate available beds with a theoretical optimum proportion of specialists in a known number of hospitals under their control. Their paper plan therefore consists of myriads of blank spaces where these co-ordinates intersect, and they are concerned only with seeing that each blank is filled. It is all rather like an Army inventory. Lists are drawn up, there must be one of everything in its proper place, great blocks of staff are moved bodily with their special clinics and equipment, anyone is presumed capable of functioning anywhere. It is all very complete and tidy, on paper. But there are a few drawbacks. None of us local specialists has been really consulted in these matters. We have been asked to draw up proposals and, after arduous deliberations, these have been studiously ignored. The Regional specialist advisory sub-committees—"your own colleagues"—have done everything except actually to come down on the ground and discuss our problems with us on the spot. Different specialties have been segregated so that no single hospital will provide a single integrated service. Long-established local hospital facilities have been broken up so that a working-class mother who once could take her sick child round the corner to the hospital may now have to spend an hour of her time and 1s 6d. of her cash in making the several changes of public transport needed to traipse a dozen miles from one end of the Group to the other.

Matters may still be righted. The one single factor which is disturbing everything is the complete failure to consult the men and women who will actually have to do the work. The Regional Hospital Boards have learned nothing from the experiences of the other nationalised services. Central control, the ignoring and over-riding of local views, the feeling of the man on the job that he has no share in deciding his own functions, all these lead to frustration and mediocrity. I now really understand, for the first time, the emotional state which leads miners and dockers to strike against an authority which has improved their standards of living immeasurably. It is because the essential dignity of a man in his work is threatened.

Is this the sort of specialist service you want? It is going to be very mediocre if the present evolution continues. It may well be that a mediocre service for all is a national gain compared with the good service for a few and the total lack of facilities for many we had before 1948. Even Lord Horder wrote then that "it might be reasonable to lower the general standard of doctoring for a time in order to extend the field of doctoring more widely." But is this sacrifice necessary? Will you not use your powers to make local democracy a reality in the organisation of our hospital services?

Yours fraternally,

Consultant

City of Make Believe—I

AT Mestre, where the Simplon-Orient train sheds its quota of tourists bound for the Piazza San Marco, an excited gentleman panted his way into the dining car. In his hand was a copy of the *Mattino d'Italia*, which proclaimed under banner headlines that there was panic in Trieste: news had leaked out that Mr. Ernest Davies, in his Balkan tour, had done a deal with Tito—Yugoslav air bases for the Atlantic Pact Powers in return for the concession to Yugoslavia of a 50 per cent. share in the administration of the whole of the Free Territory. In consequence, there was a catastrophic run on the Trieste banks; enterprises were closing down, and the railway station was besieged by terror-struck crowds seeking escape before the advent of the Yugoslav police.

The story, needless to say, contained no grain of truth. Though he acquired among Italian journalists a reputation for singular rudeness, Mr. Davies was certainly guiltless of the alleged crime against the Italian Republic; and neither banks nor railway station in Trieste displayed, on my arrival, the slightest sign of crisis in Zone A. But the dissemination of *Canards*—in this instance by the neo-Fascist M.S.I.—is typical of the whole political, social and economic set-up in Trieste. Not only is the city's life being poisoned by propaganda—the placarding of proclamations by twelve political parties forms Trieste's chief light industry—but every version of events, every proposal for a solution of the Free Territory's problems rings false. From the "party line" handed out by the Cominformists to the complacent "progress" reports of A.M.G., the entire pattern of Trieste is one of insincere make-believe.

In the Communal Elections of 1949, the C.P.'s score was 21 per cent. of the city vote, against 39 per cent. gained by the Christodemocrats. This lack of success is now ascribed by Signor Togliatti's local adherents to the Machiavellian tactics whereby Mr. Churchill conspired with the "traitor Marshal" in 1945 to give Yugoslav troops a 40-days' run in Trieste for the express purpose of discrediting Communism! An ingenious explanation; and the complete rout in the Elections of the break-away pro-Tito Communists is evidence that Zone A of the Territory—apart from a sizable minority in the outlying Slovene parishes—has no appetite for a further taste of rule at present by Belgrade. But the simple truth is that the Communists did badly in 1949 because of two powerful factors obviously against them—the influence of the Church and the sanguine hopes initially engendered by the influx of Marshall Aid. My impression is that, in the past fifteen months, Trieste opinion has been swinging away from the Christodemocrats, who are increasingly regarded as the pro-American, pro-war party; but in 1951, when new elections are due, Independents may as easily gain ground as the Communists.

Certainly the Communist Party's line to-day has a certain lack of candour. Unable formerly to advocate the re-incorporation of Zone A in an Italy governed by De Gasperi, and still less its annexation by a Yugoslavia "terrorised" by Tito, the Trieste Communists have to cling to a formula—unification of Zones A and B, appointment of a Governor by Uno, evacuation of Allied troops—which is at once unreal and alarming even to much of the working class of the city. For not a soul in Trieste believes that a "neutral" Governor will ever be appointed; and few enough Triestini—however greatly they resent a humiliating Occupation—really want to see the British and American troops go. Not that there is any serious fear that Tito, in his present state of precarious dependence on Anglo-American credits, would dare to defy the Security Council and march into a city where even the Communists would fight him. But suppose Tito were liquidated: how much more likely then the prospects of a Yugoslav coup with local Communist assistance.

It is the general suspicion of such carefully concealed Communist intentions that deprives their "line" of more than a limited popular appeal. Where they succeed is in their insistent suggestion of Western bad faith. The persistent high level of unemployment—still 20 per cent. in spite of E.R.P. expenditure, so far, of $28 millions—is due, they say, simply and solely to Allied vetoes on shipbuilding and other contracts with the People's Democracies; the cost of living is being ruthlessly raised by indirect taxes to pay for the (undoubtedly excessive) Venezia Giulia Police Force of 4,500, mainly ex-Fascist, officers and men; and, above all, Western policy is to convert Trieste into a naval and military base for an imperialist war of aggression against South-eastern Europe—with the obvious corollary that the city would be the legitimate target for Russian bombers. Most of which can only be regarded as so much propagandist nonsense.

Economically, Trieste is the victim not so much of Allied political vetoes as of Italy's crazy attachment to over-valuation of the lira; taxation in Trieste follows faithfully the Italian pattern; and, as for war plans, the merest *apprenti espion* for the U.S.S.R. could satisfy himself in a couple of days that Trieste lacks the most rudimentary installations for a naval base, and that the idea of supplying through this port an army capable of offensive operations against the Hungarian plain is a patent absurdity.

Yet, if the patient listener to Communist observations on the problem of Trieste is left with a sense of exasperation at being treated like a child, the make-believe of the Allied Military Government is equally indigestible. The theme-song, of course, is that Marshall Aid has set Triestini feet firmly on the road to durable recovery. Traffic through the port, one is told, has surpassed pre-war volume; the shipyards are busy; by means of low-interest loans and Customs rebates new enterprises are being attracted to the projected trading estate at Zaule; the Territory's (Zone A) Budget is nearly balanced; Prefecture, Municipio, local press and radio alike reflect the spirit of healthy (if paternally supervised) democracy: and, though a few subversive malcontents may grumble, how much happier the population of Zone A, with its adequate food supplies and 2,000 newly built apartments, than the poverty-stricken inhabitants of Zone B.

Most of which, to the extent at any rate of 75 per cent., is wishful pretence. True, Zone A has enough food statistically; well over half the E.R.P. allocation to date has gone in foodstuffs and petroleum. But port traffic (two-thirds of it inwards) is artificially swollen by military and E.C.A. shipments to Austria; the natural business of Trieste as *entrepôt* for Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary has shrunk to a trickle, and Italo-Yugoslav commerce through the port is dwindling through the inability of Yugoslavia to keep the present clearings agreement even remotely in balance. The shipyards, financed by E.C.A., have had the benefit of contracts for four ocean-going vessels (subsidised as to 30 per cent. of their cost by the Italian Government) for the "Italia" and "Lloyd Triestino" companies; but construction costs are uncompetitive: though semi-skilled wages are only 11s. 6d. a day, steel is dear and much of the machinery obsolescent, so that the unsubsidised cost of a vessel built here is at least 25 per cent. above the British price. If Marshall Aid dried up, Trieste would die on its feet: the pretence that a viable economy is within reach, so long as the Cold War cuts off the Central European hinterland, is insincere propaganda which deceives nobody outside the grandiose A.M.G. building which Mussolini constructed for his henchmen.

As for new enterprises, Zaule is likely to remain what it is to-day—a partially reclaimed swamp. One small cement company is in process of development, with 200 jobs at first to offer; and there is talk of other Italian concerns—all, of course, "private" enterprises—establishing branches here. But it is only talk; and, so long as the Italian press—reflecting the lunatic irredentism of the local Right-wing parties, to whom Zone B is a martyred Italian territory crying out for liberation—runs stories of continual crises in Trieste, few Italian industrialists are going to sink good lira in the Free Territory. Unemployment in Trieste is a problem for which no easy solution is visible; and though Zone B, effectively *gleichgeschaltet* to the Yugoslav pattern, is indeed an uninviting land of empty shops and tight belts, the Triestino always expected to live better than the little peasants of the region. To-day he looks grimly, if he is a manual worker, at new apartments whose rent would absorb 80 per cent. of his wages; views sceptically the merits of an economy in which food is dear and luxuries (relatively) cheap; and listens cynically to a local (Allied controlled) radio with scripts Italianised by writers whose style recalls irresistibly that of the Duce's pet scribblers in the Fascist hey-day.

Trieste, September. AYLMER VALLANCE

(To be concluded.)

Fenland Story

ACCORDING to an old tradition, the men of the medieval Fenlands would sometimes punish a dyke warden through whose neglect a river-wall had broken by rebuilding it over his bound and living body. Historically, this tale is more than doubtful; there is no reliable evidence to support it. But symbolically it contains important truth, for the price of creating farmland is bitter effort, the price of maintaining it constant vigilance and the ancient powers of the countryside have no mercy on those who fail in their task. And nowhere in England are these basic agricultural truths more obvious and inescapable than in the Fenlands.

Once upon a time, three-quarters of a million acres, nearly one acre in forty of the entire land surface of England, was covered by the Great Drownings which straggled inland from the Wash. It was a strange, sad landscape of bogs, pools, meres and reedshoals, devoid, except for a few islands, of solid land; and through it all meandered eight rivers whose waters, checked by the deposited silt of ages, fed the desolation. Shapeless, primeval and forbidding, it was a place of dread and superstitious terror, the natural home of the devils and evil spirits which emerged prematurely from the insane canvasses of Heironymus Bosch to haunt such sturdy hermits as Guthlac who sought spiritual refuge in its fastnesses. Its only natural products were reeds and rushes, fish and fowl; and the early Fenlanders were hunters, not farmers, though by medieval times the great monasteries which had grown out of the Saxon religious settlements on the islands had reclaimed both grazing and ploughland from the waste and protected it by a system of dykes and waterways whose maintenance was carefully allotted by local custom. Here as elsewhere, the stubborn, patient men of the Middle Ages did great things, but their achievements were limited. Renaissance England included the mass of this sullen, unconquered waste among its legacies from the past.

The sixteenth century, however, created both the incentive and the resources for a general reclamation—on the one hand, growing population and increasing pressure on the land; on the other, prolonged prosperity and the accumulation of capital. Late Elizabethan and early Stuart times saw, therefore, much discussion and a considerable circulation of paper till even James I, that most improbable of drainers, declared himself willing to lead the project. But it was not until 1631 that a company of "Adventurers" was formed and operations began in the South Level under Vermuyden, a Dutch engineer whose "little army of artificers vented, contrived and acted outlandish devices" so that the waters might flow by straightened and ordered channels unimpeded to the sea. Their achievements in cuts, dykes and sluices were considerable, and so were the benefits they brought to the land. But the end was not yet; they warred with men as well as with the elements.

For in the seventeenth-century Fenlanders the last inheritors on English soil of the Nomad Tradition made their last stand against the coming of the settled cultivators who followed in the wake of the drainers. The Fenlanders rose against Vermuyden and his men, whose alien works were destroying their traditional way of life, robbing them alike of fish and fowl, of the reeds and turves they cut, of the marshland grazing on which their cattle depended. In the 1640s their riots and sabotage merged into the Civil War, and work on the uncompleted schemes of the Adventurers slowed and stopped. But in Commonwealth times a new start was made; prisoners from the Scotch and Dutch Wars were drafted to the Fens; and in 1652 Vermuyden could report the completion of the work whereby "wheat and other grain is grown and sheep and cattle raised where never had been any before." The Southern Level was reclaimed; there had been similar though smaller schemes in the North; and a huge area of rich farmland, "until this time the prey of the waters" was added to England.

But victory was not absolute: Nature was biding her time. Gradually the fine new rivers, carrying with them more silt than the old, slow-flowing streams, began to choke their outfalls, always the keys to any drainage scheme, and then to raise their levels as the mud settled on their beds. Further, the reclaimed peat shrank, partly through drying-out, partly from bacterial action; in one measured case the soil level sank eight feet in twenty-five years. Thus did the rivers rise above the feeders which should have run into them, and the feeders above the minor drains, so that the original and natural order of drainage by gravity was slowly reversed. All this, too, meant severe and increasing pressure on the river-banks, which were, moreover, deprived of support by the shrinking peat which had once buttressed them. By the later seventeenth century, the records of the Corporation, established in 1663 to maintain the reclaimed land, tell their own tale; more broken walls, more floods, more complaints; the whole vast undertaking was facing disaster.

But the tool-making animal was not beaten yet. Soon the ponderous sails of the windmills rose above the Levels, eventually seven hundred in all, to pump the water from the sunken fields to the embanked rivers. But defeat was only checked, for the windmill is an unreliable tool; many a Fenland farmer watched his fields slowly change to mud, to marsh, to untroubled lake when the winds tarried. Despite a system of double-lifts, whereby two mills raised in stages the water for which one had formerly sufficed, despite mechanical improvements in the mills themselves, the waters were gaining. At the end of the eighteenth century, the officials of the Board of Agriculture painted a dreary picture of the Fenlands with their increasing flooding, their fields too often sodden and degenerating, and, in the background, "those awful reservoirs of stagnant water," the undrained meres. Arthur Young, the most prominent agriculturalist of his time, even feared the eventual abandonment of the whole area.

Then the new century brought a new power to the Fenlands. In 1819 the first steam-engine was installed in the Levels, and soon a score of engines were tirelessly pumping away the huge masses of water with which the windmills had struggled in vain. Thus, in the famous words of an inscription on a bridge over the New Bedford River, was "water conquered by her daughter, steam"; thus did the Power Age take control of the Fenlands. Yet, like its predecessors, it dealt with symptoms rather than causes: the peat still shrank, the rivers still rose and in one area, for instance, it was necessary to install increasingly powerful pumps in 1883, in 1912, in 1928 and 1933. And in the background the waters still wait, as witness the disastrous floods of 1947, when the system failed to carry an abnormal flow from the surrounding uplands. The tool-making animal has done great things in the Fenlands, but he cannot achieve finality.

And this, surely is the first great lesson of the Fenland Story. The reclamation is no more than a provisional triumph, dependent for its continued existence on continued effort. The forces of the Kingdom of Farming Man do not annex territory, they merely occupy it, and the government they establish endures only so long as the garrisons stay at their posts. This is peculiarly obvious in the Fenlands, but the principle applies in different ways to all farmland. Heat and cold, damp and frost, the natural processes of growth and decay thrust their fingers continually into the structure of the farm, probing for weakness and neglect. Townspeople, accustomed to a predominantly inorganic world, roofed, paved and stable, rarely appreciate how heavy a proportion of the farmer's resources are devoted not to production but to maintenance.

There is another lesson. The early farmers who began the work of reclamation soon yielded to those who could mobilise and apply more than agricultural resources, more than agricultural equipment. The farmland of the Fens was created *for* the farmer rather than *by* the farmer, and the achievement of Vermuyden the engineer and his companions is to-day maintained by the Catchment Boards with their technicians and their labour-gangs, their river-tugs and their excavators. Thus do the old drainers foreshadow, and their professional heirs illustrate, the coming of the men behind the agricultural lines, the men who provide the modern farmer with so many of the tools with which he does his job. For the drainers, who gave him the most basic of all "tools," the land itself, were followed, as the generations passed, by a varied multitude of scientists, engineers and technicians who invisibly accompany and serve the farmer throughout his daily routine. To them the farmer owes, for instance, the tractor and the factory-made implement, piped water schemes, fertilisers and imported feeding-stuffs; also, at least in their present form, the majority of his crops.

NIGEL HARVEY

ANODYNES

ROMAN Lucretius, in his deep disgust
At superstition, politics, and lust,
Found atoms helpful. We, in our position,
Try politics, and lust, and superstition.

CHARLES RAGE

Poems from a Sequence

By Osbert Sitwell

THE BALLAD OF SISTER ANNE

" Sister Anne, Sister Anne
You who have always been faithful to me ;
Why do you stand there ?

Tell me, run to the window
What it is that I hear ?
My bed is far from the window and I am restless,
What is it that I hear ?
I do not like to appear too curious
But I *must* know what it is I hear !

Sister Anne, Sister Anne, I entreat you
To tell me what it is I hear (I hear).
A new footstep sings to me from the asphalt pavement,
A new shape patterns old dust.
You don't hear it, Sister Anne ? You must, you must !

Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
Run to the window !
What is it I hear ?
A footstep drawing near and nearer, surely towards
The Grange. Is it the stranger—tall, thin stranger—
You told me you saw approaching
Last night in the cards ? "

" Miss Wetherby, Miss Wetherby, my love,
It's only the new butcher's boy at the corner,
Red as a rose,
Wearing his blue and white striped coat and apron,
Bearing a basket of raw legs and shoulders
To give old people young strength.
It's only the new butcher's boy at the corner,
Whistling as he goes."

" Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
Why do I tremble,
What is it that I hear ?
Perhaps it's Mrs. Shrubfield in her carriage,
Driving down to the Marine Parade and the Pier ;
Are her horses sleek still, do the dogs still follow,
Does she still hold in her eye a tear ? "

" Miss Wetherby, my love, you grow uneasy,
What is there for you to fear
If it were only Mrs. Shrubfield passing near ?
But no,
It's the grocer's van,
Varnished, spick and span,
Bringing brown demarara and candy and lump sugar
And white sifted sugar, sifted fine,
And coffee, roasted and ground daily
For your convenience and mine."

" Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
I don't think I'm quite myself today.
Fetch me a thermometer and some salvolatile
And the medicine-glass with a spout.
What is it I hear, a sound of singing
—How can it be the alarm-clock ringing
At this hour, on Frances's day out ? "

" Miss Wetherby, my love, it is a sound consoling,
That of a great bell rolling
As it will toll one day for me—and you."

" Sister Anne, Sister Anne !
Why do I hear the sound of wheels ;
Is it a hearse ?
Is it old Miss Vanbrugh at number four
Who called in Doctor Diggle, the new doctor,
Did she grow worse ? "

" Miss Wetherby, Miss Wetherby, my love
Do not yourself distress.
It's only the rumble of Madame Cockburn's van
Delivering a new dress.
She told me all about it, a dress for Hallows Hall,
A white gown, she said to be worn at a ball ;
A white cloud—
Like a shroud."

" ' Like a shroud ! ' Today you use such odd expressions,
Sister Anne, Sister Anne,
I think I have a touch of fever, my teeth chatter—
Is anything the matter,
Sister Anne ? "

" Miss Wetherby, Miss Wetherby,
I've stretched my neck through the trees from the window
And can tell the truth now."

" Yes, Sister Anne, tell me ; tell me
That it's only once again
The grocer's van,
The new butcher's boy,
The dressmaker's man."

" You would like to hear the truth, Madam mine—
We can do as we like. No one will interrupt us.
There's not a soul in sight, not a sign,
Not a sign!"

" Sister Anne, Sister Anne !
What is it gleams in your hand ?
Is it the thermometer-case flashing, as you stand
There—but I've never been able to bear people to come near me ;
Don't draw so near ! "

" Miss Wetherby, Miss Wetherby, my love
It's time to wake you from your dream.
Now I'll tell you what you heard.
The thin stranger in the cards
Was Death, drawing near and nearer :
It is Death you heard—
Try not to scream."

MR. AND MRS. TRAVERS

Old Mr. Travers
Had erected himself as a public monument
In flesh, instead of metal ;
A kind of synthetic Colonel Newcome,
It was impossible to think of him in other than army terms,
Though he had never entered a tent in his life ;
Tall, with a look of noble insensitiveness,
With bent cavalry legs and a white moustache,
He would sniff the air as he talked.
His ill-proportioned pedestal, Mrs. Travers,
He carried about with him.
She was made of circles,
A number of circles jumbled together in bags,
And her hat was large-brimmed and always flopped over her face
Rhythmically, as she walked,
Every evening they would take a promenade
In Humbold Gardens,
Facing the late sun, sitting in Prosperity Corner
Under a pink sky,
Mutely regarding the ground and the flowers
Caught in a net of flame.

LOCAL PRESS

Mr. Timberley, the Editor of the *Tidesend Courier*
Had eyes, like flowers on stalks, blue flowers
Set in a patch of sallow, of sad, ground,
Or sometimes they were cold like marbles.
Within his domain of printer's ink,
He was commanding,
His manner all importance and bustle ;
But this impression wilted with each step he took from the Office.

In the evenings he would wander disconsolately
To the Senior Club,
Where, amid the crack of billiard balls,
His eyes would flower with a new despondence.

BATTLING MR. FIDDLER

The battling hairdresser, Mr. Fiddler,
Believed in French words.
Friseur and *coiffeur* afforded him
The consolations of religion,
Everything about him was acute and pointed, cat-like,
His nose, his chin, his shoulders and his talk.
When the wind howled on winter evenings,
He would stand, elegantly an artist,
Amid the scent of singeing,
Behind the seated and trussed figure in the shroud.
Gay laughter would sound out, for Mr. Fiddler
Knew the neighbourhood ;
If the conversation died,
He would gaze into the blue flame of the oblong spirit-lamp
For new inspiration,
In his spare time, he would paint watercolours of sunsets
Or fight friends with his fists.

THE BLIND GIRL

He never talked about the present
Because it had vanished
For him, as well as for her,
When his daughter went blind.
She could play with the flowers, but could never know their colours,
This child with her dark and lustrous eyes,
Regarding you, looking seriously, and seeing nothing.
As she talked, her gaze would remain level
And she would feel the shape of a flower with her fingers.
Loving it, as her father loved it with his eyes.

MISS LOPEZ

What erratic wind from Andalusia
Had deposited Miss Elvira Lopez, beautiful Miss Lopez
And her father, with his long beard, striped, like that of a prophet,
Upon this northern shore, fringed by foam and seagulls ?

She was as plainly a gypsy
As I am an Englishman.

When the burgesses congregated
In the large hotel ball-rooms
She would stand by the door dressed in scarlet ;
But the pale-faced mobs of tail-coated men like waltzing mice
Revolving with their girls in pink and blue chiffon,
Seemed not to see her,
As she stood there alone
Immured in her flaming tower of silence,
Consumed by her own fires.

Who spoke in that house, who entered ?

Film Festival

WHAT, a film critic, and never been to a film festival? A Londoner, a Thames-side flat-dweller, with strong migratory instincts in the autumn, and never winged it to Biarritz? The invitation was much too good to refuse: *au Rendezvous de Biarritz*. So I joined the south-west flight. Already, at 7.30 on a drizzly morning, some of the labels said Biarritz. Some of them said it loudly. And some of the faces, too, if a trifle hurriedly, retrieving a self-esteem that in these days may have been shaken at home. To Biarritz (they seemed to exclaim), where money puts on sandals, and an Englishman's still an Englishman—for a couple of weeks, anyway.

That look of the dividend coming into its own I almost forgot during three days spent in Bordeaux. My days divided between the riverside, the shade of the Indian lilac, and the enormous wine-vaults, cool and stalactited, that underlie whole acres of the town, quite displaced for the moment the royal and vulgar seaside for which I was destined. A glimpse of the small, old-established English colony of bilingual shippers and retired governesses had revealed, too, a different side of our national character from that of fellow-passengers in the B.E.A. liner. In order not to arrive late for the Festival, I entrained early, and for four hours roared through the forbidding Landes country that separates the *côte Basque* from Bordeaux. Last year's fires had made gaps in the pine forest, left a burnt-out village deserted; marsh stenches and an occasional sweet-corn crop or townlet varied the monotony; and in my carriage there was a girl from Stockton, eighteen next Friday, who had never travelled more than a bus journey before and now was pouring out her saved pounds on a four-day visit to her "pen-friend" in Madrid. I told her that for some years I had used a pen, too, if never with such far-reaching effect. So, nobly, trustingly, she to Madrid: I, with all the reservations that hedge a traditionally doubting profession, to Biarritz.

It was raining; otherwise this colour-postcard town, new-old, ramshackle, and over-solid, agreed remarkably with one's pre-conceptions. The mile-long bay, the Atlantic rollers whitening in line after line on the sand, the tamarisk slopes (now flowerless), the ice-cream casinos and raw roofed summits of the town, the striped tents and brown bodies and the surf-riding, the jockey caps and the Cadillacs, the scenic railway rocks—all combine to mix the grand with the vulgar so that we must positively relish the concoction. The Hotel du Palais inflicts its reconstituted glory on the whole scene with a blatancy that in the end charms. The first drink put into my hand when I arrived was an icy, watered crême-de-Menthe, and its taste, as of Biarritz itself, has remained with me ever since.

After a while the sun came out, and the Festival got going. To begin with, at any rate, the sun had very much the better of it. Ugly mansions were chopped into light and shade, and their solidity now enshrined a desirable coolness; feathery straw hats bobbed along the beach and the sea filled; an infant class sat answering the movements of an instructor who squatted facing them; bands, Spanish-American in type, alternated between slow fox-trots and *Roses of Picardy*; peanuts did the round, an old hackney carriage climbed the steep streets, surf-riders with little toboggan planks to cling to waited off-shore for the seventh wave. Three awful lines of Tennyson shone out on the grateful memorial to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. And now over the Hôtel du Palais—Eugénie's palace Balmoralised—there fluttered the Egyptian flag.

Yes, Farouk was here: Farouk the pious, as one newspaper distinguished him, adding however two photographs of him, at sixteen, and at thirty. He has paid a visit to someone or other's library, scorched unmercifully over the Basque highways, returned to order a kingly consignment of berets.

With such dazzle and distraction all about, how significant could our regular disappearances into a dark hall in the Casino appear? By bad luck, or faulty management, the first day's programme had been killingly inadequate. A feeble Russian cartoon, a second-rate and pretentious thriller from Hollywood (*The Capture*), and a concert of film music, much of which ought never to have been torn from the context for which it was intended, made these dark retreats of ours gloomier than they need have been. It was with a sigh of relief that one would emerge from an interior so furnace-like that only an enthusiasm to match it could make it tolerable. On the first day nothing, except perhaps Virgil Thomson's suite from *Louisiana Story*, could kindle any enthusiasm. We—the *invités*, the stars, the directors and critics—broke up into little clumps to cool off at café corners. We scanned ahead through the programmes for items on which to pin our faith: *They Live by Night* and *Intruder in the Dust* among the American pieces; Donskoy's *Childhood of Gorky*; an unknown Italian film; our own respectable if not earth-shaking *Thirty-nine Steps*, *Major Barbara*, and *Whisky Galore*; some promising puppet cartoons and shorts; a stage representation, with the original cast, of Grémillon's *Le Printemps de la Liberté*, which for political reasons that we may discover lost its Government support and had to be abandoned. Enough over eight packed days, to tide over our interest, if not to start the bee-hive hum with which such a festival ought to advertise its presence. It was, perhaps, some consolation to find ourselves in the *Journal de Biarritz* under the heading of *Où sont-ils?* The gaiety of the occasion had pied the names and changed the hotels, possibly to discourage autograph-hounds. A M. G. W. Stower, I learnt, was staying at the Hôtel du Palais, where King Farouk, and Mr. Dennis Price, reside.

Second day, slight rise in the festival temperature. *Brighton Rock* was received better than it deserved. René Clément's *Arabie Interdite*, a hodge-podge of travel-diary taken under difficulties, contained at least some exploratory glimpses and a few moments of genuine cinema at the end. Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night* struck the first high note: plaudits, reaffirmations (from those of us who had seen it before), reservations, a few dissents.

Disastrous third day. Soviet shorts so boring that one began to wonder if boredom was a new weapon in the war of nerves. The second concert of film music was more musical than the first; but with no indication of contexts, this promising idea guttered out. Dreadful flop of Robert Hamer's *The Spider and the Fly*, which started life here in the *annonces* as *The Spider and the Flu*. Without sub-titles, with its too muted ironies lost, and looking, I must say, flatter than ever, it exasperated or depressed nearly everyone. But the French, who had insisted on seeing this successor to *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, might have given it a more kindly attention. Change of weather: relievingly cooler, heavy clouds from the mountains, flicks of rain. The English participation here is described in the *Journal* as *très officiel*; not meaning that we (a baker's half-dozen of stars, critics, and others) behave over-correctly (do we?) but that our contribution in films has been carefully thought out, whereas there is no French film of any importance at all being shown—an inexplicable gap.

The politics of the Festival begin to emerge. Last year's initiation of *Films Maudits*, under the presidence of Cocteau, has lost its aestheticism and much of its point, developed a Communist bias (Soviet films, bad for the most part, and a whole day dedicated to Edward Dmytryk "now in prison"), and since there are no prizes and no new films competing the level of the programmes should have been a great deal higher. Discussions before, after and sometimes even in whispers during sessions now centre upon the need for more rigorous standards, the difficulty of running such a festival, the possibility (or impossibility) of arranging any similar kind of festival in England. What municipality at home would respond with the prodigality of the *Syndicat d'Initiative de Biarritz*? All its guests have been entertained magnificently, so that whatever the cinematic shortcomings, this *Rendezvous* has made its splash and had its fun. The programmes, criticisms, excursions, and dinners take the middle of the front page every morning, with a half-inch on Korea or the Attlee vote, and no more than a side column for Farouk, who has just motored back slowly from San Sebastian. This is remarkable, since he went quickly.

Another day, and the performance of Donskoy's *L'Enfance de Maxim Gorky* (first of the trilogy) stuns all who are capable of being stunned. Anyone who doesn't now jump about and exclaim is an imbecile. And though a number of us have known the film for years, our delight and amazement is none the less for that. Why on earth didn't they put this magnificent film on earlier in the week? It would have started everyone jabbering and pressing forward instantly, whatever disappointments might follow. As it is, the temperature was set early so low, that it can't rise to a general, cumulative enthusiasm. The surprises—perhaps from the Italian film *Cronaca Di Un Amore*—will stimulate, the failures will mildly depress, while we go on with our enjoyments round and outside the

Festival. There are pelota matches, two or three afternoons a week. There's the placard of the *blonde déesse*, oddly named Conchita Citron, who will be gracing the bull-ring and thereby, I should have thought, undermining the whole male myth of the bull-fight. One morning, we are suddenly swept by bus and car to a charming village where within sight of the Pyrenees and drinking a delectable amethyst wine under the trees we watch boys and girls dancing with hoops and batons to drum and flute. Then, in the evening, the weather changes dramatically. A gale from the sea sprays the roofs and stampedes round corners. The Atlantic has grown enormous and beautiful. The rocks come to life. Strollers wrap up and point and actually shiver. Old people who have been asleep in the large hotel windows wake up in bewilderment. The papers speak of a cyclone, more and fiercer storms, lasting several days. We are reminded that in a fortnight the Biarritz season will be over, the streets quiet, the hotels closed down, and all the solid ugly stone will be preparing to resist five months of winter.

But the next day—as if there had been no interruption—everything is calm, warm, populous, dazzling once more. The beach-wear comes back. The Edwardian melodies float along the arcades. The poodles prance, and a school of porpoises cross the bay. The enormous meals have, delightfully, to be faced. The Festival goes on. And who knows, perhaps in these last two and a half days left to us, all our enthusiasms may have been rallied, our disappointments shelved, and those with articles to do will be able to begin—as, alas, I have not been able—by saying, "A new, a glorious page in the history of the cinema has been written . . . ."? G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

FALSTAFF

VERDI himself wondered whether *Falstaff* should not be kept for smaller opera houses; "I have become more and more convinced that the vastness of La Scala would spoil its effect. I have been writing for my own pleasure and for personal reasons, and I believe that instead of at La Scala it should be given at Sant 'Agata." But at the Scala it was first produced, and so long as the singer of Falstaff has had voice and personality to fill the house its success has been assured. *Falstaff* may be the beginning of chamber opera, but Alice is still *prima donna*, Fenton must soar as lyrically as any Alfredo; in short, even in *Falstaff* no amount of unselfish ensemble, clever production, or first-rate orchestral playing can compensate for a lack of "great singing on the part of individuals." In the Scala's performance at Covent Garden the ensembles were precise and well-graded, the orchestral playing superb. But, as in *Otello*, we kept missing one most important thing, which is delight in the sheer sound of the singing.

Victor de Sabata is a brilliant and tyrannous conductor, who seems, like Toscanini, to assume personal responsibility for every sound from stage and orchestra. Less finely controlled performances of the Verdi *Requiem* have been more moving than his; and in his hands *Falstaff* loses much of its richness, its roundness, humour and humanity. One reason for this is that his tight grasp never relaxes to let the singers make the full *espansione* Verdi demands in his score; another that he seems to treat the orchestral texture as pure music without sufficiently relating it to human emotions or the dramatic action. His *Falstaff* is, in fact, not *theatrical*. Its tempi are rather slow: the closing pages of the third scene lose their sparkle; the last scene flags until de Sabata takes the fugue most sternly in hand.

The Falstaff of our age is Mariano Stabile, who was reported at the Scala in January to be as genial, as clearly audible, as inimitable as he had been here last year. His dominating personality would have been an inestimable asset to this production. Instead we were offered in Gino Bechi a younger substitute. Beside Stabile's his characterisation is unimaginative and commonplace. We are assured that Bechi is suffering from a temporary disability which made his voice unwontedly thin and dull; indeed there was distressing evidence of good intention behind every phrase, as though he would have made it sound better if he could. "*Falstaff immenso, enorme Falstaff*" was nowhere to be found. As Alice, Maria Canigha seized the stage, the music, the limelight with the assurance of a great dramatic soprano, her voice swelling through *Come una stella* in thrilling tones. Alice was matched by her Ford, for Paolo Silveri is the best baritone the company has here, his voice rich and dark-coloured, used to fullest dramatic effect in the monologue. Tito Gobbi sang Ford in the second performance, also with distinction. Fedora Barbieri made an ample Mistress Quickly. The rest of the singing was inclined to be low-spirited. Siepi's Pistola needs more panache; Guiseppe Nessi, who was Toscanini's Bardolfo, has lost the incisive high tones which the part requires. The two lovers were worse than inadequate, rivalling one another in faulty intonation; in Alda Noni's shrill Nanetta and Cesare Valetti's ineffectual Fenton little of the romance of this part of the opera survived. The production was acceptable save in the last scene, where a troupe of professional Sylphides invaded Windsor Forest. One suspects that the designer of the sets must have worked through Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time*, "depicting the most characteristic features of the domestic architecture of the Tudor age, and also illustrating the costumes, habits and recreations of our ancestors."

* * *

A power-cut put the Hammond organ at Covent Garden out of tune, so that at the second Scala concert Beethoven's Seventh Symphony replaced the *Magnificat* of Monteverdi. In his reading of it Guido Cantelli showed an intense control of the orchestra, but also blatant snatching after effect, no sense of form within a movement, nor of the larger relations of tempi. His Mozart *Requiem* had all these faults, and over-emphasis, exaggeration, coarse phrasing, the fugues driven through at full throttle. Only Suzanne Danco, with her sweet voice and lovely style, survived the onslaught to sing with an *exquis* which Mozart might have approved. ANDREW PORTER

AFTER A GENERATION

IT is as good as a play to compare revivals of two such essays in theatricality as *The Mask and the Face* and *Anna Christie*, each a generation old, one the fashionable comedy, the other a piece of post-Ibsen symbolism by the youthful Eugene O'Neill. They are brought out unpretentiously, we are simply invited to agree they are still theatrically effective.

An odd thing happens to *The Mask and the Face* at the Arts Theatre, where John Fernald produces the play adapted from an Italian original by his father C. B. Fernald. It is the play in which Pantaloon fiercely protests he has murdered his wife for her infidelity, but Columbine insists on coming to her own funeral—one of the pieces that seems to prove the Italian comic tradition is like our older Music Hall, far less interested in art than in the personality of its comedians. (True, just to confuse the issue, the tradition is called *Comedia del l'Arte* but that is just a piece of Italian blarney.) Yet, paradoxically, for this piece we have the Cambridge Repertory Theatre and the good English tradition of team-work. Mr. Hugh Miller, playing lead, sinks his personality in the team like a true English gentleman. Unexpectedly, the team scores. The minor characters are built up, there is good miming and crowd-work. The third act, in which society finds out Pantaloon's deception, gives the team its chance and the business becomes very funny indeed.

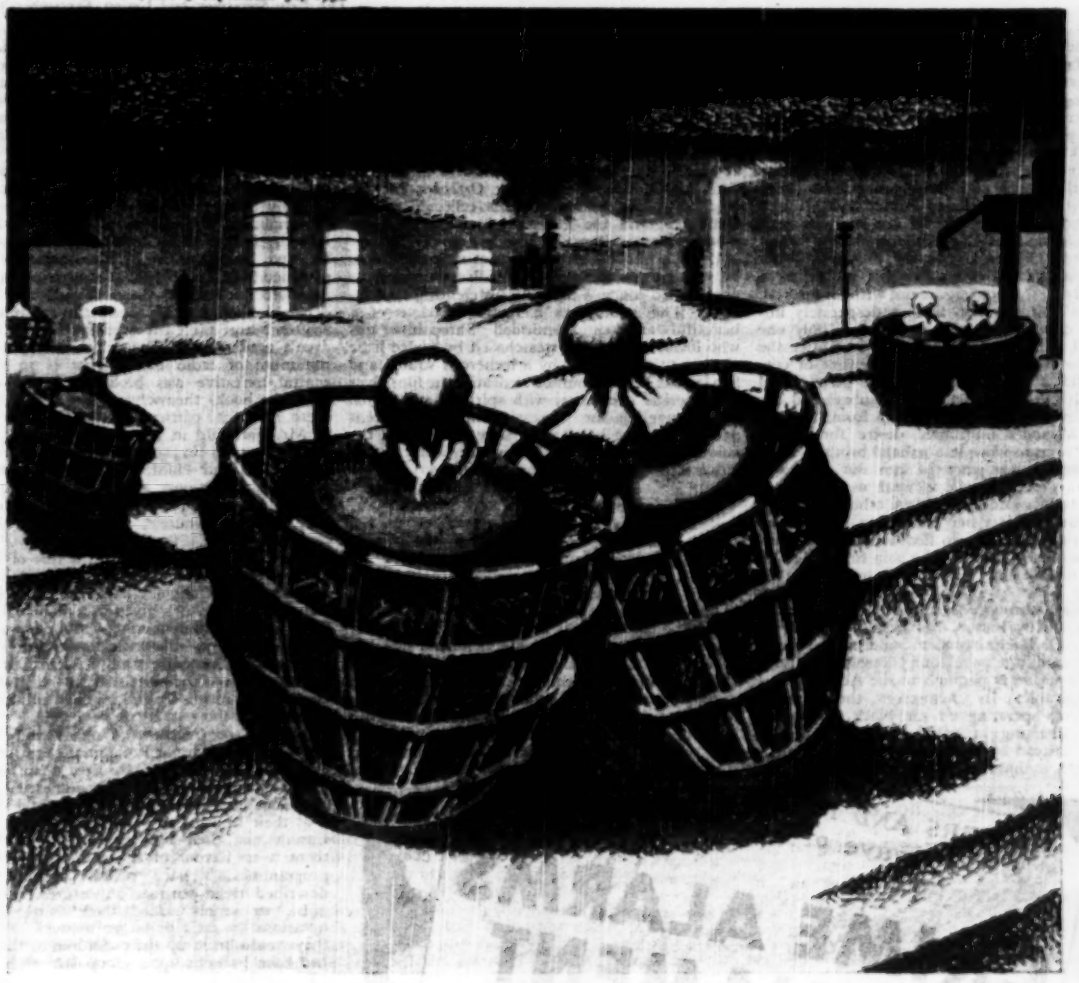
Anna Christie at the Q Theatre lines up the powerful personalities, for Anna is Freda Jackson and old Christopherson is Frederick Valk. Yet, as if to point the contrast, the play turns out to inhibit the personalities. The prostitute's return to family life—symbolising illusion—is one of the stock pieces of theatrical hooey, though it is still popular, as witness *Streetcar*. Oddly enough, what seemed to inhibit the players was O'Neill's literary conscience. True, when we come back to the play after all these years, the literary conscience doesn't seem very strong. We see it rather in reverse, for example, in the whimsical tricks of dialogue that turn Frederick Valk—a heavyweight actor if there ever was one—into a seeming bantam. Miss Jackson replied with what seemed to me a remarkably accurate sketch of what English sounds like in the mouth of a Swedish girl. I got more interested in the tune than the words and wondered if it meant the actress was shy of her part. For O'Neill seems here to be as shockable as a Victorian miss, and so makes difficulties. There is an inhibition in both player and playwright, they both fear and fall into false pathos and insincerity. I was reminded by contrast of another variation on the old, old theme, *Anna Lucasta*, for in that play the coloured players evidently believed a prostitute might be allowed social redemption and acted out their belief so whole-heartedly the sentiment became sweet.

MONTAGU SLATER

THE MOVIES

"No Way Out," at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion
"Manon," at Studio One
"Gone to Earth," at the Rialto

Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the producer of *Pinky* and *No Way Out*, lately remarked that *Pinky* was "tea" while *No Way Out*, he considered, was "dinner." Such unbridled smacking of the lips over films concerned with the difficulties of negroes in American society may seem rather indecent, but his estimate of the substance of these two films was approximately right. For two-thirds of its length *No Way Out* develops a strong if concocted situation logically and persuasively: a young negro doctor who has to attend two wounded gunmen, the Biddle brothers, brought into hospital, is unable to save one of them from dying of a brain tumour. The survivor, who has a pathological hatred of negroes, accuses him of murdering his brother. The film's incidental strokes—in suggesting the social humiliations and tensions a negro doctor in a white hospital has to endure, its touching and affectionate picture of the doctor's domestic life, and its sketch of the headstrong negro lift-man in the hospital too easily provoked into organising a riot in an inflammatory district—are often extremely telling. The climax of the film, however, is unavoidably an anti-climax, for when an autopsy proves the doctor's treatment right and establishes his innocence, the situation is virtually resolved. But the director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz who, with Lesser Samuels, also wrote the script) adds on a protracted and lamentable piece of melodrama. The enraged gunman escapes, tricks the doctor into meeting him at night in an empty house, and is about to shoot him when the dead man's ex-wife arrives, fol-



THE ACID TEST

SULPHURIC acid is so widely used in Industry that it is commonly taken as an index to the state of trade. The acid is used as it is produced and therefore the chart of its consumption reflects the fluctuations of business quickly and closely. Acids, with their opposites, the alkalis, are both in volume and range of uses the most important direct contribution of the chemical industry to Production. There is scarcely a commodity, scarcely even a single article which can be made without either acids or alkalis entering at one or more stages of its manufacture. Sulphuric acid is used in almost every industry. The modern method of producing the acid from iron pyrites, air and water was suggested in 1831 by Peregrine Phillips, a Bristol vinegar brewer. The other essential "heavy acids" are nitric and hydrochloric. Tens of thousands of tons of nitric acid, once known as "aqua fortis" or "strong water", are produced by the British chemical industry every year. It forms the basis of nearly all explosives, as well as of the inorganic fertilizers which are today required in increasing quantities to grow more food. Hydrochloric acid, or spirit of salt, is a combination of hydrogen with chlorine and finds wide uses in the metal pickling, tanning and textile trades. The heavy acids are in one sense the manufactured products of the chemical industry. In the much wider sense they are essential raw materials without constant and adequate supplies of which the wheels of production would stop turning. The British Chemical Industry is the largest manufacturer of heavy acids in the world.

ICI

lowed by the police. A last theatrical flourish shows the gunman weeping while the doctor silently tends the wound in his leg. As well as being unworthy, this reminds one, by insisting on the negro-hater's hysterical violence, that the whole juxtaposition of an unblemished negro and a vicious white neurotic is an extreme end rather narrow dramatisation of the general problem. For its outlying scenes, all the same, and in spite of its jerky, uncertain development, *No Way Out* is remarkable. Sidney Poitier and Mildred Joanne Smith play the doctor and his wife with genuine feeling, and the dead gangster's former wife (Linda Darnell), once the mistress of her brother-in-law and still under his influence, is a slatternly, ambiguous figure not without interest.

Clouzot's *Manon* also finds a desperately improbable climax, but its incongruity is only one of several. The setting is France just after the end of the war, a sensational framework of corruption for a precocious good-time girl (played by the disturbingly small Cécile Aubry) and her Maquis lover (Michel Auclair) up from the provinces. Manon's inordinate desire for luxury leads her even to work in a palatial brothel, while des Grieux makes what he can out of stolen penicillin; greedy as she is weak as he is, they continue to love and forgive each other, and when des Grieux murders her interfering brother she leaves a rich American to flee with him to Marseilles, then to stow away on a ship full of Jewish refugees to Palestine, where they are shot in the desert by Arab cavalry... (Des Grieux's necrophilitic walk through the sand with her body, which he finally buries, has been cut short by the censor.) The mixture of cynicism and melodrama is shoddy enough, but Clouzot's grafting-on of contemporary parallels to the Abbé Prévost is unforgivable. In themselves the parallels des Grieux operating on the black market instead of cheating at cards, Manon dying in Palestine instead of on a Californian slave plantation) add nothing, and only suggest a failure to realise that the novel comes from a society and a style quite incompatible with Clouzot's conception. The power of *Manon Lescaut* lies in the extraordinary passion of the lovers; this is the most hollow and perfunctory aspect of the film, which concentrates on the enormities of Manon's deceptions and reveals, really, a rather adolescent fascination with the trappings of vice. Stylistically, even, it is less interesting than *Le Corbeau* or *Quai des Orfèvres*, for the crudity of the material seems reflected in the technique, and the Palestine sequence is composed with an almost ludicrous grandiosity.

Of *Gone To Earth* there is not a great deal to be said, except that Powell and Pressburger have approached Mary Webb with unrelenting seriousness. The novel was a rustic anecdote of a beautiful and simple-minded Shropshire girl who loved a tame fox, was chased by a nice little clergyman and caught by a lecherous squire, and finally, like her fox, hunted to death; the film gives it allegorical overtones, with spiritual and carnal love struggling for possession of the innocent primitive. The handling is slow and stilted, the colour over-ripe; it is, I fear, the worst bit of *kitsch* its makers have yet produced.

GAVIN LAMBERT

RADIO NOTES

THE *other* programme, the one to which I am not listening, comes to me generally with a fair degree of clearness through wall or window. (This should be helpful, of course, to the temporary radio critic.) It is not invariably the Light; when I switch on to this, the unseen hand switches over, too. What is curious, though, is that the chosen background—the exclusive fare, I am told, in most hospital wards—should be of so nervously unstable a nature. The visiting air vibrates with hysteria—emotional throbbings of organs playing love ditties; joyless shrieks of studio laughter; staccato voices commenting with anxious speed upon other people playing games. *Noise*, in fact.

While I do not (for my tastes are varied) live to a continuous background of the Third after 6 p.m., I must admit to myself that most of the good things come from there. Last week the chief "event" was, I suppose, the Vienna State Opera *Fidelio*, which seemed particularly impressive by having, unlike most recent operas, more music than words. Those words, too, were in German.

Many listeners, I am sure, must have missed the unobtrusively announced *Tell Us a Tale* by Dorothy Baker. Are children, as Mrs. Sherwood believed, by nature evil? The books and poems provided for them over the past two hundred years illustrate the shifting views of authority on this debatable theme. This thoughtful and beautifully written script travelled over the history of children's reading with wit and charm, and with a minimum of radio fuss. That is to say, the central narrative was broken only by extracts from the books themselves. I was delighted by these readings, particularly by Carleton Hobbs as Mr. Fairchild in the gibbet episode, and by Molly Lawson in several infant guises—as a gently nurtured child, for instance, answering Magnall's Questions, and as a depraved little George Macdonald crossing-sweeper. *Tell Us a Tale* lasted 45 minutes; an hour would not have seemed too long.

Professor Isaacs's important series of lectures on *Twentieth Century Literature* will, I hope, be dealt with more fully at a later date. The opening talk (*The Assessment*), given in a manner that was lucid, urbane and deliberate, was a demonstration of its own theme—the critical awareness that our time has of its processes and problems. It is hard to say which was the more striking—the range that was covered in this lecture, or the brilliance of its detail.

The Younger Generation, a new venture starting last week on the Light Programme, and presented every weekday at 6.30, is directed at an important group of listeners—the working adolescent. While I do not as a rule care for horizontal divisions—at their heaviest they suggest pre-war Central Europe; at their lightest, post-war America—there is no flavour of either of these about the programmes I have heard. Young people described their work or adventures, listened to music or serials, asked their usual searching questions on civic or larger matters. (Asked if they would bring up their children as themselves had been brought up, a group last week replied, one and all, "more strictly.") I hope that listeners under twenty will be the chief audience, and not radio critics and such.

Also on the Light—the skilfully presented *Focus on Football Pools*, to whose facts I listened with amazed attention left me with a confused feeling that this national pastime is in some way a Good Thing—an opinion which I am sure I do not hold. Is there a moral, or un-moral to this? Perhaps it is all right so long as you do not win anything.

Casual listening often brings its rewards. Chief of these last week was a talk in Woman's Hour by a Gaelic unmarried mother, whose material and manner it would almost be an impertinence to praise.

NAOMI LEWIS

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

When the Sadler's Wells second company was formed in 1946, we were told not to expect too much, since the dancers were young and immature. They now show considerable polish and assurance; in fact they work like demons, pointing their toes so hard that they almost bend up the wrong way. What one misses is a realisation of the meaning behind the movements. Elaine Fifield, for example, dances the Swan Queen with meticulous attention to everything she has been taught in rehearsal, but hardly a trace of poetry or passion. On the other hand some of the dancers would be a credit to any company in the world—in particular Pirmin Trecu (a splendid *danseur noble* who can make the simplest movements impressive), the guest artist Svetlana Beriosova, David Poole, and Patricia Miller

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(who distinguishes herself by a delightful performance as Beauty in the pas-de-deux *Beauty and the Beast*). But these dancers rarely get a chance to show their mettle; most of the ballets in the repertoire are the visual equivalent of palm court music. Balanchine's new ballet *Trumpet Concerto* fits in all too well with the rest of the repertoire. As in his other "abstract" ballets he shows us rows of girls in straight lines, performing short, brittle phrases of movement in stereotyped patterns of repetition and imitation. They never get a chance to achieve breadth in their movements, for Balanchine has a curious habit of omitting the small connecting steps that dancers need as a preparation for their big movements. The choreography of *Trumpet Concerto* has a slight military flavour and the dancers are dressed in pseudo-military costumes of the sort one expects to find in provincial pantomimes. Though Balanchine presumably has his tongue in his cheek, he is unwise to challenge comparison with the Tiller Girls—who are very good at this sort of thing. F. H.

Correspondence

"SABOTAGE"

SIR,—I notice that in your issue of September 23rd, you state that you "are inclined to accept Mr. Isaacs' statement that the British Communist Party has received instructions to undertake at once a campaign of industrial sabotage," and that you "believe that Mr. Isaacs has more concrete evidence than that published last year about Communist activity in the London Dock Strike."

If you believe this, you have the duty to use your influence with Mr. Isaacs to insist that the evidence for these allegations is immediately published.

The Communist Party has always supported and always will support the demands of British workers for improvements in their wages and conditions. But we emphatically repudiate the lie that we have received any such orders as you mention in the passage quoted above.

If such allegations were made about any other organisation in Britain there would be an immediate outcry and demand for the evidence to be produced, or for the statements to be withdrawn.

We are confident that the anti-Communist hysteria inspired by American reaction has not reached such a pitch that such conduct as Mr. Isaacs has been guilty of will go unchallenged by the British Labour Movement.

HARRY POLLITT
General Secretary, Communist Party

THE RELUCTANT PEER

SIR,—I do not know why you should insult me by implying that my interest in remaining in the House of Commons was to become Prime Minister, or miss the obvious point that the disqualification of a peer from sitting and voting in the Commons is primarily a restriction on the freedom of the electorate rather than a restraint on the liberties of the peer.

But, even on the assumption that you choose to make these two elementary blunders I should like to know why you describe the legislation I proposed as retroactive. On the date I made the proposal I was disqualified by peerage from sitting in the House of Commons, of which I was a duly elected member. I was not entitled to sit as a member of the House of Lords since I had not received a writ of summons. I simply asked that general legislation, which I deemed uncontroversial, should be passed in time to remove the existing disqualification before it became my public duty to apply for a writ. As I had incurred no penalty I required no indemnity, and since the House of Commons had not sat during the period of my disqualification I deemed the technical disfranchisement of Oxford during this time a purely technical injustice.

Nor do I understand why you should seek to draw an analogy between retroactive legislation in the case of Sir John Black (which imposed an additional burden) and legislation in my own case, had it been retroactive, which removed a restriction. The distinction between these two types of retroactive legislation is well established, elementary, and was noted at the time.

Had you been correct about this, it is still difficult to see why the Prime Minister should be entitled to refuse to legislate retroactively when he had already done so in the case of Sir John Black.

Incidentally, you are entirely mistaken in thinking that Scottish Peers are not debarred from sitting in the House of Commons. Only Irish peers may do so.

I do not quite know why I should be adjured to bear my elevation in the spirit of Lord Beaconsfield who presumably advised his sovereign to ennoble him.

But since you tell me that I must in future oblige my correspondents, perhaps you will permit me to say that, except in the above trifling particulars, your comments on the matter were accurate, illuminating, courteous and profound.

HAILSHAM
Heathview Gardens, S.W.15.

IRAN

SIR,—The main theme of the admirable article published in your issue of August 19th and contending that the Western conception of defence against Communism in Asia has meant so far, "backing repression, incompetence, corruption and reaction and thus alienating the awakening nationalist forces that want independence and social change and which do not want Communism" is wholeheartedly endorsed by the masses of the people of Iran. Mr. Hamzavi in his letter (your issue of September 2nd) states that your comments portray a complete travesty of the situation as it is in Iran to-day. This, however, is a statement by a representative of precisely that ruling clique of Government that is under criticism and for that reason is best ignored quite apart from the innumerable facts that refute it.

We Iranians often wonder why the press of Great Britain seems so reluctant to give the true facts about our country, particularly at a moment when Iran finds herself at the centre of such an important strategic position. We are, however, grateful for what your journal has published.

Your description of the Tudeh Party is not quite accurate. Although it never formulated a radical or revolutionary programme and was thus able to enlist the support and sympathy of most of the intellectual classes it was, nevertheless, a Communist party in essence and it was supported and encouraged by Soviet officials.

The fact however remains that our present ruling class in Iran is accepted to-day in the country as nothing else than a band of inefficient and corrupt selfseekers sustained by the Anglo-American alliance. No Persian who is not a hanger-on of this self-interested governing caucus, or who is not hopeful of joining its ranks, could possibly think of it in other terms. In Iran the pious professions of reform and social change which come from time to time from the government and particularly those which come from the present semi-military dictatorship are regarded as laughable and as a further caricature of those repeated statements from the Court over the past few years which have pretended to encourage reform while at the same time selecting the most corrupt elements in the country to put them into effect.

Unless America and Great Britain change their tactics, cutting loose from the present ruling clique and giving support to the elements that seek honest and reformist administration, Iran will certainly go the way of China and no alternative can possibly present itself.

M. DARVIZ
Teheran.

THE BOMB

SIR,—I and many of my friends are with Popski—and we thank him profoundly. If he receives small verbal support let him not think he is alone. Despite the plausible reasoning of his critic we all know who speaks for humanity. Let it be known—and let the U.N. know it—that we are not all prepared to abandon the last shreds of human decency—whoever leads the way or orders it.

OTWAY MCCANNELL
Castlegate, Farnham, Surrey.

We have received a number of letters supporting Popski. Owing to difficulties created by the printing dispute we are this week only able to publish this single expression of opinion.—Ed. N.S. & N.)

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CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Mr. Graham's letter reveals that the military authorities differ in their attitude towards the reservist who is also a potential objector. The reply which I received to similar enquiries was couched in less equivocal terms. The relevant passage runs: "If, at any date, you are called upon to serve, you cannot appear before such a tribunal (i.e., a Statutory Tribunal) unless awarded a sentence of 3 months (or more) imprisonment or detention for an offence against military law, claimed to have been committed on the grounds of conscience."

The difficulties and obstacles inherent in such a situation are plain enough.

7, North Street, Sudbury. PETER MEADE.

SHERWOOD SCHOOLS

SIR,—Some time ago you published a letter from a group of Sherwood parents which was both an appeal and a warning. It showed how a pioneer school, after 20 years of successful and happy achievement, could come upon disaster. We were determined in the first place not to go down without a fight, but we also felt a duty to call attention through our imminent collapse to the way in which financial adversity may cloud the future of other independent schools if the present situation is allowed to drift.

The subsequent NEW STATESMAN AND NATION investigation and the letters you published from various quarters proved the need for hard thinking on the general problem. As for Sherwood's plight, the generosity of your readers astonished us. In addition to a vital infusion of funds, without which it would have been impossible to go on, there was a stream of offers of help, sympathy and counsel.

This response gave us heart. A parents' committee was set up to go into the whole complex question of reviving the school. Other parents, versed in banking, the law and education were co-opted. The headmaster of Burgess Hill came down to give us the benefit of his experience in running a co-operative endeavour.

After months of incredible effort the new Sherwood took shape. This autumn it starts on a reformed financial basis, following its distinguished predecessor without a break in the school life of the children. But in future the headmaster will be free to devote himself entirely to the welfare of the children while the "business" of the school will be the responsibility of all the staff and parents who have taken shares in a sturdy, non-profit-making friendly society.

We feel warmly that the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, without whose help we must have foundered, should have the first news of our success—and the first call on places for their children if they want them.

New Sherwood School, ELDON FITCH,
Sandown Lodge, Epsom. *Chairman*

THE CHILDREN'S FUND

SIR,—As the London representative of UNICEF may I thank you for your article of September 16, drawing attention to the decision that will have to be taken by the General Assembly on the future of the Children's Fund, and setting out so clearly and fairly what the Fund is doing and the principles which underlie its activities?

Your "special correspondent" has shown such understanding for the Fund's problems and the way in which it has tried to meet them that I am sure he will forgive a correction on one important point of fact.

At the recent meetings of the Social Commission and of the Economic and Social Council in August, the United States delegation did not try to "kill the Fund." On the contrary it was the United States representative himself who introduced the resolution, prepared jointly with the representatives of several other member States, providing for the conversion of UNICEF into a permanent organisation. This resolution, in the form of a recommendation to the General Assembly, was passed, both by the Social Commission and by the Economic and Social Council, with no dissentient vote.

Under this resolution the two main functions of the Fund are defined as (a) assistance to governments to aid them in creating or expanding their permanent child welfare programmes; (b) provision of relief supplies in case of serious emergencies.

The representatives of five member states abstained from voting. Among them was the British representative, who explained that, in his government's view the main emphasis should remain on emergency activities and that the terms of reference for long-term activities should be less wide. He expressed, however, full sympathy with the present work of the Fund. The representatives of other governments who abstained from voting either thought the changes premature or agreed with the British view as to the proposed relation between emergency and long-term activities. No one suggested the termination of the Fund.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the remaining differences between those who supported the resolution and those who abstained may be reconciled before the matter comes up for consideration at the General Assembly.

The official records of these meetings are now in my hands and I should be glad to make them available to any of your readers who may be interested.

UNICEF, DUDLEY WARD
Russell Square House,
W.C.1.

[Neither the writer of our article nor Mr. Dudley Ward have been able to keep pace with the changes of American policy in this matter. The latest news from Washington is that a Committee of the two Houses of Congress has now completely eliminated the 1950-1 appropriation for the Children's Fund—an economy, as the *New York Times* (September 20th) says "of the most misguided sort".—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

MENTAL DEFECT

SIR,—Professor Penrose's statement that most of the children of mental defectives are not deficient has drawn an alarming plea from Elizabeth A. Allen.

She wants the certified mental defectives, who are allowed out of Institutions on licence so long as "they do not form attachments to members of the opposite sex," to be allowed to marry.

While not liking the present position, or wishing to curtail legitimate human happiness, may I make a plea for the children of such unions? Though these may be born normal, how long are they likely to remain so, when mother or father, or both, is unfitted for the work and responsibility of parenthood?

Stable home and family life are known to be the best setting for children. Substitutes are less satisfactory and horribly costly when they have to be provided by the community. So until some foolproof contraceptive technique is evolved that mental defectives can and will practise continually, or until they are allowed to be sterilised, we should hesitate to imperil the emotional and social wellbeing of more children, or indeed, their physical safety.

Ravensholm, HILDA G. CUNNINGTON
Highnam Crescent Road,
Sheffield, 10.

GEORGE POTTER 1832-1893

SIR,—I am making a study of George Potter, labour leader, editor of the *Bee-Hive*, and shall be grateful if you will kindly allow the use of your columns for an appeal for the loan of any documents that throw light on his private or public life. All material will be carefully handled and promptly returned.

W. BUTTERWORTH

45 Theobalds Road,
London, W.C.1.

CORRECTION

We regret that in our issue of September 23, page 290, we referred, by misprint, to "Corporation" Building Guilds. The word should of course have been Co-operative. The same misprint occurred in the next paragraph.

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Books in General

THIS is the fifth and final volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's baroque autobiography*, a further architectural "improvement" (it might be called) to the mansion such as the incessant Sir George used to make upon the historical monuments he furiously occupied. *Noblesse oblige*; this new wing is a portrait gallery of distinguished friends: "I retrace my steps and try, obversely, to delineate the era and myself through the portraits of others, portraits of people of exceptional talent, wit or genius." There are album glimpses of others, Lytton Strachey among them, but the full length studies are Gosse, Firbank, Wilfred Owen, D'Annunzio, Ada Leverson, Sickert, W. H. Davies, Violet Gordon Woodhouse, Rex Whistler and Arnold Bennett. They are done with Sir Osbert's grand involutions of affection and affectation. If, as he says, he is to be described as a bird watcher in the park lands of talent and genius, carrying his own artificial tree about with him for concealment, we might carry the metaphor further and describe him also as a bird-stuffer, filling out the distinguished effigies with the wonderful débris of the time they lived in and with a good deal of himself. They are eminently *his* collection.

The method, we now know, is the visual method which he has learned from the painters. The superficial is never to be neglected and his is a kind of superficiality in depth. Character has been extracted from the welter in which it must have lived. There is a personal and studied evocation of persons but what these figures represented in the always living world of their arts is generally evoked, but not criticised. They were singular and admired. For Sir Osbert is an egotist whose higher temper is continuously allayed by the pictorial distraction of life and by the noble authority of gifted minds who rise up in despite of the beastliness of the world. For him, this was the golden age, an aristocracy of talent, before dullness and sameness set in. (We won't argue about that, though we can agree that the *milieu* was more leisured and elegant than is possible to-day). And so these portraits are not impersonal or objective, but double encounters, the story of pursuer and pursued.

Sir Osbert's method has generosity, vividness and movement. When it is applied to great fellow egotists like Gosse, Sickert, Arnold Bennett or a natural genius like Davies, the result is living portraiture at its best. There is no summary attempt at single definition—the vice which springs from the jealous rancour of writers—for men and women are recognised to be, though talented, many-sided. The object is posed and re-posed so that a foible or defect in one light becomes a quality in another. Gosse looked as mild as a London Sunday, but he was a basher. On the evidence of his talk he never caught his colds in any place less elevated than the House of Lords—the family caught theirs in the tube; yet, perhaps his harmless and beglamoured snobbery had a link with his deep sensibility to the great names of Elizabethan drama. There is no rigid theory of character, no dead analysis, above all no judgment by social, religious, political or psychological category, which has been the vice of many dramatic and pamphleteering portraits written since the Thirties. And although the sad pleasure of a single moral emphasis is one of the few exhilarations left for our puritanical times—"He compromised, he collaborated, deviated, failed to see though the bourgeois miasma, sold out to the Church or the party"—it is a relief to watch the mellower accommodations of comedy before they drift away into anger. Most of these subjects were Sir Osbert's elders and had lived in the sun.

The Gosse, as I have said, is a masterpiece in the genre. He was the last Victorian professor and many had felt the rap of his umbrella. Sir Osbert brilliantly lays down the physical description of the alarming critic with his "fine but pernicketty distinction" and his "impalpable aura of power."

> In spite of his somewhat ordinary appearance he manifested, when you came to examine him, a certain panache all the more effective because it was not too obtrusive. Above the puritan foundations, solid and belonging to the mid-Victorian epoch, which were at once evident, and in addition to his obvious integrity or rectitude, could be detected also an air of gaiety and dash, most attractive and seldom to be met with in one of his age, for he was nearing seventy. He was fine in profile, in the texture of his fair skin, of his grey hair that had been yellow, and of his slightly drooping chinoiserie moustache; *refined* in the proper sense of the word. Indeed his name itself, Gosse, if you came to think of it, suggested something of him, something of his sprightly, elusive gossamer quality, something also of *un gosse*.

But there was something also feline, daring and aggressive within the frail exterior.

> In Gosse's anger—and, when displeased, he liked the world to know it—you could watch the cat pounce, the tiger spring, the lion both play and roar. He gave no quarter and implored none. He brooked no rivals. Yet all this that I have described as panache was, notwithstanding, ever subtly tinctured with the atmosphere of an English Sunday.

A ditcher (as Sir Osbert would say) rather than a hedger among men; and among his contemporaries, a reckless ditcher. It is fantastic, but he denounced E. M. Forster for his "lurid sentimentality, preposterous morals, turgid and sickly style." There may be differing opinions about *Howards End*, but those words indicate how easily the eminent may fail not only in perspicacity, but by the total irrelevance of their words, in judging a younger generation. And if, as he grew older, his love of titles was really literary and harmless, it was fatal to the criticism of contemporaries. Poems by the younger son of a Marquis or the widow of a Viceroy were always, as Sir Osbert says—and how fair the word is—"cherished."

The character of Gosse was complex and so was Arnold Bennett's. He was once found lying in bed with influenza in the grand new house he had bought in Cadogan Square. There were large mirrors on the walls and the invalid "was gazing contentedly at the repetitive perspective of images of himself this afforded." His friend said:

> "I couldn't lie there looking at myself reflected on and on into infinity like that!" To which Arnold replied in a tone of complacency, "I . . . t suits me down to the ground."

It was the simple W. H. Davies, the tramp, of all people, who vied with Bennett in the wearing of extraordinary dress shirts:

> Arnold's, frilled and ruffed and rucked and pranked out, were a conscious, even intellectual presentation of the *joie de vivre* of a flamboyant personality all mixed up with a lifelong admiration of Balzac and his works, whereas Davies's were the subconscious expression of himself. They were always made of napery or damask: the front being composed of a number of tiny squares each of which displayed in the middle of it a shiny lily of the valley.

The innocent joy of the newly-fledged man of the world bound these two characters and it could almost be Arnold Bennett and not Davies who, when asked to stay with new friends said:

> I have got to buy a suitcase—but I know where to find a second hand one with lots of labels on it . . . . They Expect That.

The portrait of Davies is gentle and touching, for there was only the contrivance of natural genius or the simple lack of instruction in his naïvety. He is not the first writer to be baffled by the use of a cheque book or to believe Prime Ministers are terrifying magicians. What the anecdotes about him illustrate is the child-like directness of his view of experience and its devastating unconscious criticism, as when he thanked a lion-hunting London hostess for a good party with the words:

> "It's been very successful: and you've had quite a nice lot of the neighbours in, too."

Or is there just a grain of ancient, shrewd Welsh malice in the words? Again his hatred of negroes was the direct result of terror once experienced in a fight among a negro razor gang. The case of Davies, as Sir Osbert says, raises a problem. Capitalism lets him half starve in the doss house; socialism rescues him but refuses to allow him to be Idle No vagrancy; no vagrant poets. Sir Osbert also says that as a rentier with 10 shillings a week, Davies would have had the money taken off him. It's the first I have heard of income tax on an income of £25 per year. And, on reflection, one cannot believe that security or education can kill the naïve; in Sir Osbert Sitwell's own gallery there are one or two men of eccentric genius who have survived the "levelling" and "dulling" effect of substantial wealth and a standard Public School education. The mill through which the wealthy have gone for generations has produced a sameness of mind—comparable to that which is said to be produced by the Welfare State—and its exceptional men, Sir Osbert the chief of them, have always protested against it. I mention these only because as I came to Sir Osbert's political asides I felt a sudden rise in temperature and tension and apprehended—as he might say—a ceremonial crash of plates on the parquet in Chelsea or in Renishaw.

The Sickert is the best portrait of this collection, for Sickert is the greatest man in it.

**Noble Essences.* By Sir Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan.* 21s.

Here something more than the oddity of genius is present, something more than pleasure. The vital throb of genius communicates itself. There is profound feeling for the mind of the painter and his work. The eccentricities of Sickert were the expression of an enormous physical and spiritual energy. In quite trivial matters, as well as great ones, there was the unusual energy of enquiry; when, for example, Sickert smoked Manila cigars the wrong way round because he had discovered they drew better. There was the double-purpose streak, the touch of the one-man band which has been common among philosophers—Herbert Spencer for example—and painters: it was fun to dress up but it also saved the time and expense of getting models: the painter could use himself. The peculiar urgency, the sense which Sickert himself described as the absolute necessity of drawing a particular person at a particular moment, comes out in this rich and witty essay, for Sir Osbert's own excellence is brought out by the wit of his subject, and here more than anywhere, we get the intellectual buzz of a period:

> As for the principles of painting, he disliked any softness of line and displayed an especial hatred for the nebulous and vague, for muzziness and blur . . . Some of the opinions which he expressed in this respect, and in others, curiously resembled those of Wm. Blake, of whose writings I believe him to have been ignorant. Thus Blake in *A Descriptive Catalogue* writes: "The great and golden rule of art, as well of life is this: that the more distinct sharp and wirey the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art, and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism and bungling."

It is his own eye for the sharpness of "the bounding line" that has made possible Sir Osbert's success in the handling of the most intricate of autobiographies, where memory has been followed back into all its divagations, has been allowed to prompt every kind of eloquent fantasy; and, yet, has always been brought coiling back and glittering to our present eye. The appetite of this work has been magnificent and its very slowness, and even portentousness, have caught the splash and pomp of the Edwardian age in which his mind was formed. It is one of the functions of art to reveal that we are always older than we seem.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE DEATH OF A STATESMAN

Despise him? No! We have not read
The meter of his pain; not know
The path drilled through a fevered brain
By anguish, shame and sorrow.

He was not young: we must remember
Sixty years had left their score
In dark rings that dead emotions
Seared round his inmost core.

If pressed too far nerves will slacken
And leave the will without a frame;
Mind clutches at some ignoble reason
And fears to give the fact a name.

A soul sinks to the level of its load
Which we who watch refuse to weigh;
If pressed too far we too might hear
Death sirens calling, and obey.

HERBERT READ

WELLS

H. G. Wells. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Barker.* 6s.

Mr. Nicholson's little book, the latest addition to "The English Novelists Series," is a very good essay indeed. It cannot have been easy to write. For most of us over the age of thirty-five, Wells is in some sense a father-image: for almost as long as we can remember, he has stimulated, nagged, enraged, exhilarated, bored and made us laugh. However we may think of him today, he is one of the men who have made us what we are, and to see an author fairly demands even more than is usual that self-discipline without which criticism is impossible. Mr. Nicholson, who writes from a theological point of view quite different from that of Wells (if indeed Wells can be said to have had a theological point of view at all) approaches him with sympathy and even affection but never with adulation or in a spirit of denigration. His summary of Wells's early life and background is excellent, for all its brevity. He does full justice to the scientific romances. His comparisons are always felicitous and suggestive, as for instance his linking Mr. Polly with Mr. Bloom, and his noting that *Mr. Polly*

> . . . is in a way, boys' magazine stuff, like something out of the *Gem* or the *Magnet*, and Mr. Polly is nearly as sexless as Billy Bunter . . . but it is also pure farce ("pure" as we say "pure poetry"), rising to the level where poetry and fun become one.

Mr. Nicholson takes the view that Wells, in the comedies at any rate, was working in the tradition of Dickens. This is the commonly accepted view, and it seems to me right. When we come across such a line of dialogue as "No wish to make myself disagreeable, not to God's 'umblest worm" we are in the presence either of the creator of Mrs. Gamp or of a writer unusually akin to him in spirit. As Mr. Nicholson makes plain, in the comic novels Wells was writing in the manner of the Victorian novelette, completely unscathed by any influence of the nineteenth century French and Russians. The forms that were to hand he used, and they suited his genius, a genius that strikes one today as having been made to measure for the *Strand Magazine* of the period. Since art meant nothing to him, art could never make up for the deficiencies of taste, the blind spots, that went with his genius, as it so often does for writers of much smaller intrinsic talents. It was this, doubtless, that gave rise to Henry James's constant dismayed pleasure and astonishment in the presence of Wells's novels.

In his early work, the scientific romances and many of the short stories, Wells was, as Mr. Nicholson well says, "playing with ideas as a pianist plays scales." What gives these books—or the best of them, *The Time Machine, The First Men in the Moon, The Invisible Man, The Island of Dr. Moreau*—their enduring quality is the integrity with which he follows the ideas to their logical ends. Prophecy or satire is, I think, quite incidental to them. The idea of vocational specialisation among the Selenites, in *The First Men in the Moon*, is developed, it seems to me, as a *jeu d'esprit*, but so relentless and intransigent was the quality of imagination Wells brought to it that the book remains as terrifying a prediction of a totalitarian state as we have.

He moved from scientific romance to comedy of a kind traditional in English since Fielding and Smollett. Like theirs, it was essentially purposeful. As Mr. Nicholson says:

> . . . Karl Marx spoke of "those ill-adjusted units that abound in a society that has failed to develop a collective intelligence and a collective will for order commensurate with its perplexities," but Wells, to say the same thing, invented Mr. Polly.

When he drew Mr. Lewisham, Kipps, Uncle Ponderevo and Mr. Polly, he had his memories of his own early life and memories of his feckless father to fall back on, and the results were three and a half of the most enchanting comic novels in English. Three and a half; for *Tono-Bungay* contains not only Uncle Ponderevo but young George Ponderevo, the scientist, the man of action, the planner. He became Remington, of *The New Machiavelli*, and then Mr. Britling, and later William Clissold. Under the name of H. G. Wells he wrote outlines of history and of life itself; he surveyed the work, wealth and happiness of mankind; he planned open conspiracies and world encyclopædias. He was a most admirable, generous-minded man; we are all in his debt for many things; but though he went on calling himself a novelist he was too impatient to write novels.

WALTER ALLEN

POUND'S ODYSSEY

Seventy Cantos. By EZRA POUND. *Faber.* 25s.

There has been much controversy about the status of Ezra Pound, particularly so far as concerns his long poem, the *Cantos*, instalments of which have been appearing since 1933. With the publication in 1948 of the thirteen Pisan Cantos this poem now takes up well over five hundred printed pages, and this great length is all the more remarkable since the style is so condensed. Its main technical features are the free use of citation (which admittedly lengthens the poem) and of ellipse (which shortens it). In a sense it is the poet's personal Odyssey—Canto I is abstracted from the eleventh book of the Odyssey, the Homeric original being followed in close paraphrase, though with some condensation. The other obvious literary parallel, implied by the division into Cantos, is with Dante, whose descent into the Inferno was a literary sequel to the Homeric Nekuia, in which Odysseus summons the spirits of the dead by means of a blood sacrifice. Unlike Dante, Pound has no ordered scheme of spheres, no ultimate Paradiso:

> And I stepped back,
> And he strong with the blood, said then: "Odysseus
> "Shalt return through spiteful Neptune, over dark seas,
> "Lose all companions." And then Anticlea come.
> Lie quiet Divus. I mean, that is Andreas Divus,
> In officina Wecheli, 1538, out of Homer.
> And he sailed, by Sirens and thence outward and away
> And unto Circe.

These lines in the first Canto read like a personal prophecy. They betoken a Nostos, or return to Ithaca, after grievous and tragic events. In Paris and in Italy, Pound heard the Sirens and was bewitched by Circe. When at last he went home, it was in circumstances terrible and unforeseen.

But as well as a personal the *Cantos* have a historical significance. The first world war was, to Pound, an event of the greatest horror, an event in which the bad forces of civilisation overcame the good. He sought between the wars for a touchstone by which the good could once more be distinguished from the bad and their dominance re-established. In religious terms, he sought the poise that the Greeks found, at least in their poetry, between oppressive superstition and oppressive rationalism. In political terms, he sought for a Confucian mean:

> And Kung gave the words "order"
> and "brotherly deference"
> And said nothing of the "life after death."
> And he said
> "Anyone can run to excesses,
> It is easy to shoot past the mark,
> It is hard to stand firm in the middle."

In economic terms, he was like Dante in attacking the banking system and the financier rather than private ownership and overlordship. In aesthetic terms, his aim was a transparent intensity that involved ruthless rejection of the stale and the plausible. These aesthetic, economic, political and religious elements are fused in a great enterprise of historical reinterpretation. The method of interpretation is the method of pure poetry, and it aims at communicating a *feeling about* history. In his sudden shifts from one historical epoch to another, in his quotations and paraphrases from human records

ancient and modern, Pound is trying to make us *feel* as he does, to reinvigorate our emotional perception of the present and the past.

If there are *longueurs* in the Cantos, they are in certain of the historical citations and this is because, in his search through the old documents, Pound sometimes loses the immediacy of personal experience. He himself anticipates the criticism when he writes (Canto XLVI):

> And if you will say that this tale teaches . . .
> a lesson, or that the Reverend Eliot
> has found a more natural language . . . you who think you will
> get through hell in a hurry . . .

The sentence is characteristically left incomplete but it might be said to imply that in some of the later Cantos Pound felt himself to be marking time, to be waiting for the historical storm to break. So indeed it proved. In the Pisan Cantos the poem as a whole acquires its justification by the re-emergence, in acute and agonised form, of the element of personal experience, of the crucial collision between Pound and history. As a man, he came off worst. As a poet, he was rewarded for his poetic act of faith in embarking on his Odyssey. The total effect, in my judgment, is so striking as to put the *Cantos* on a level of achievement scarcely reached by other poets in this century.

I am aware that this judgment is not shared by prominent literary critics at both Oxford and Cambridge, aware also that among some younger poets Pound is the object of a sometimes uncritical cult. Moreover I am compelled to admire the achievement of Pound in spite of disagreeing with him on one major literary question, the role of Milton in English poetry, and in spite of an intense dislike of his political associates.

From a non-literary point of view, it is at least in Pound's favour that he grappled honestly and pertinaciously with present-day social and economic realities. It is one further proof of the weakness of individuals in face of those blind and obstinate forces that Pound as he struggled with them was disgraced and driven mad. Pound's triumph, to my mind, lies in the way in which he was able to transmute his personal defeat into poetry of the highest order.

Pound has alienated many readers by his aggressive impudence. He is indeed an annoying person. Like the remote Greek poet Archilochus he asserts his right to be quarrelsome and perverse, out of the excess of his individuality. Such individuals break the carefully forged bonds of civilised manners, and they also risk breaking themselves. One should be capable though of recognising and responding to all that is creative and serene in Pound, while allowing him that margin of error which lies partly in him and partly in oneself. In a work at once so personal, so universal and so elliptical as the *Cantos*, there is every possibility for misunderstanding, but this does not make the task of understanding less worth while. Here is a great work, newly cast; and it will no doubt take time to sort out its allusions and establish their authenticity.

CHARLES MADGE

A VICTORIAN ARCHITECT

Recollections of Thomas Graham Jackson, Bart., R.A. Arranged and edited by BASIL H. JACKSON. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

Unintentionally, this book makes the middle volume of a pleasing trilogy of architects' autobiographies. Sir Gilbert Scott's *Personal and Professional Recollections* came out in 1879, Sir Reginald Blomfield's *Memoirs of an Architect* in 1932. Jackson's book, though it has only just seen the light, was actually written half way between the two, in 1904 and after. Felicity of coincidence does not end there, for it happens that Jackson was, on the one hand, a pupil of Gilbert Scott and, on the other, one of Blomfield's elder colleagues; so if the books are read connectedly they cover, in the loose, discursive way appropriate to autobiography, the whole of English architecture from the dawn of the Gothic Revival to the onset of what Blomfield enjoyed calling "Modernismus." The trilogy gives us Scott on Pugin, Jackson on Scott and Blomfield on Jackson; indeed, a quotation from Blomfield may well serve to introduce the author of the book under review:

> I had a great regard for Jackson, a gentleman, a scholar and a very able architect . . . I still think that his additions to Trinity, and the front of Brasenose facing the High, are among the best of all the modern work done in Oxford.

Blomfield adds that some of Jackson's colleagues thought him "too much of a don" (he had been a Fellow of Wadham) and, in effect, rather too well-educated for an architect.

Blomfield's tribute makes, I think, a deliberate and damaging omission in forgetting the Oxford Examination Schools, easily Jackson's most famous and representative work. For it was Jackson who, in this instance, brought the Jacobean into fashion for academic buildings after the pure Gothic faith had snapped in 1870. It was his first big work and had cost £100,000 by the time the Prince of Wales opened it in 1883. The building of it, observes the architect laconically (and in a sentence whose casual egotism might equally be Scott's or Blomfield's), "was quite an education and settled me in a style which I think has been rather my own." It has, indeed; for Jackson's "renaissance" is recognisable all over Oxford, at Cambridge and a dozen Public Schools, notably Radley and Giggleswick, whose chapels he built. It is, let us admit, a rather weak style, for Jackson had nothing of Norman Shaw's power to convert merely picturesque impressions into lively and coherent unities. What he had was a fine decorative sense and this came out best under the discipline of Gothic. Blomfield was right to praise Brasenose; and Jackson's design for a great tower over the staircase at Christ Church has such fine qualities that one almost (but not quite) wishes it had been built.

Jackson's life story is a gentle one, proceeding from a pleasant childhood in Hampstead and Stamford, through happy days at Oxford and the brief apprenticeship with Scott to a long, successful but not too bustling professional career, crowned by a Baronetcy (an honour then lately declined by Norman Shaw) in 1912. There are few incidents or memories of much note, though it is pleasant to meet Sir Gilbert Scott on top of a bus, telling his pupil that the arch at Hyde Park Corner was "a thing one could design in ten minutes," and curious to read how so English an architect as Jackson came to build the Cathedral tower at Zara in Dalmatia. The book is modestly and carefully edited by the author's son, to whom we should be grateful for a document highly characteristic of that "late," "debased" and "impure" Victorianism on which the sunshine of re-discovery has yet to break.

JOHN SUMMERSON

NEW NOVELS

The Witness. By JEAN BLOCH-MICHEL. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

The Bamboo House. By GEORGE SCURFIELD. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

Fanfare in Blemont. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head.* 10s.

The three novels this week each deal with war and its consequences, and each is worth considering. *The Witness* is the most tiring to read. Jean Bloch-Michel, who was arrested by the Gestapo and tortured for his part in the Resistance, has written a novel about a man too self-absorbed and self-tortured to be a part of any such movement. The narrator believes himself responsible for the death of his brother, though reason tells him that he could have done nothing to help. He marries happily, and retires into an academic shell, living only for his school work and Claude, his wife. The war is for him a nightmare, the Fall of France a huge relief. While Claude becomes increasingly involved in Resistance work, he shrinks ever deeper into a monomaniac existence, until finally her arrest and death brings home to him the uselessness, the contemptibility of his life: and he ends (the novel is in the form of a letter) by vowing to kill himself. A gloomy subject, for the hero goes out of his way to be unlikeable, it is redeemed by the honesty and simplicity of its telling, which Eithne Wilkins's translation presents faithfully. It makes one wonder whether the author may not go on to much better things when the weight of the war is lifted from his mind.

Something of the same sort occurs after reading *The Bamboo House*. The difference is that M. Bloch-Michel is re-living in his book what is obviously a personal dilemma, however the values are changed for fictional purposes, whereas Mr. Scurfield has simply utilised his Burma experiences to form the setting of his melodrama. The novel has no deep purpose that I can discover: its story—two men, sworn enemies, setting out on a dangerous patrol into enemy country—is well-worn, and the characters are little out of the ordinary. All the same, it is much more successful than *The Witness*, though its subject is much less serious; and this is plainly because Mr. Scurfield has control of his material, writes vividly, and brings the hazards and discomforts of jungle warfare with great clarity before the reader. The style, with its long sentences, full of unnecessary full-stops, like tank-traps for the impetuous reader, I found something of a strain. But on the whole, this is one of the best first novels I have read for a long time.

Fanfare in Blemont has all Mr. Scurfield's detail, all M. Bloch-Michel's seriousness, and a quality of its own which immediately distinguishes the old hand from the plunging beginner. It is about life in a small provincial French town just after the Liberation. Most of the place is in ruins ("Boche barbarity" is the accepted line, though in fact the Allied bombers descended

Vindication of Ruskin
J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE
This book is an addition of the greatest importance to recent writings about John Ruskin, for it replies to Admiral Sir William James's work, *The Order of Release*, and throws the clearest light on the relationship between Ruskin and his wife Effie Gray.
10s. net

Parliamentary Government in England
HAROLD J. LASKI
"He follows with great insight and a lively sense of the actual art of government in England the workings of our established institutions of central government."—*Manchester Guardian.* 4th imp. 15s. net

A Grammar of Politics
HAROLD J. LASKI
"A book of great importance . . . must rank among the ablest contributions made to political science of our time."—*Hibbert Journal.*
"At once absorbing and stimulating . . . a distinguished achievement."—*Law Journal.*
"An important book, good craftsmanship throughout."—*New Statesman.*
10th imp. 5th ed. 18s. net

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several hours after the last German had left), so that all sorts of unlikely people have to live in the same house. Everything is in a state of uncertainty. The Communists dominate the town, the Vichy-ites are traitors, so much is clear; but since the Communists disagree violently among themselves, and anyone who is sufficiently disliked can be made a collaborator, for practically everyone to some extent was, fear, suspicion, hatred and brutality are all rampant. In this poisoned atmosphere the characters live their lives. Jourdan, the intellectual Communist, and Maxime Loin, the intellectual Fascist: Archambaud, the bourgeois Liberal who has reluctantly sheltered Loin: Professor Watrin, to whom the earth is an ever-new miracle and mankind its greatest wonder because his nights are spent on the dead sterile planet Uranus: Léopold, the café-owner and ex-wrestler, with the intellect of a gorilla and a passion to emulate Racine: Gaigneux, the proletarian Communist, who shares part of Archambaud's house and loves Archambaud's daughter who is having an affair with Michel Gonglat whose father is the biggest racketeer in the district with undeclarable money smothering him . . . all these and a dozen more circle round one another in varying alliances and enmities; while behind them move the other inhabitants of Blémont, grubbing among the ruins for lost treasures, crying over homes destroyed, relatives killed, the whole obliterated past without which the future is so meaningless.

It is in essence a terrible picture; but the book is far from depressing. In some ways it might be better if it were a bit more so. Marcel Aymé is a subtle and accomplished novelist, whose position on that score alone is high. He is also, as the blurb puts it, "on the side of life" and Carlyle's riposte is long since frozen in its grave. Yet somehow these two categories do not quite cover him. He is, I think, primarily a fantastic writer, whose pleasure lies in the invention of characters and their manipulation vis-à-vis their fellows. Being on the side of life is all very well, but for an author to win our sympathies he must inspire trust. Marcel Aymé is interesting, skilful, immensely entertaining, yet in some way not quite trustworthy. The people of Blémont are a little too delicious, too ripe, to be—not true, but truly observed. This is especially so in the case of Watrin, whose ramblings on the subject of elephants and butterflies and men left me quite cold. Similarly, the ape-man smitten by the poetry of *Andromache* is a creation, not a human being, and a creation which comes dangerously close to being artistically vulgar. These two figures are forced, in the gardener's sense, with results that reach far beyond their part in the plot; for unless Aymé can be trusted, what becomes of the extreme brutality which is brought in from time to time? And what, indeed, of the whole structure of the novel? But whatever the result of these deliberations, *Fanfare in Blémont* is well worth the doubts; both as social history and pure entertainment it stands head and shoulders above the run of recent novels.

FRANK HAUSER

Eudora WELTY her new novel
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ELIZABETH BOWEN
Marcel AYMÉ his new novel
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"Frightening, macabre, shocking, yet charged to the brim with l'esprit fantaisie."
MICHAEL SADLEIR
Translated by Norman Denny
THE BODLEY HEAD

THE INTELLECTUAL AT LARGE

Morals Since 1900. By GERALD HEARD. *Dakers.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Heard's thought is—or rather, it has come to be, for it was not always so—shrouded in such obscurity, it is so shapeless in outline and nebulous in content that the question may well be asked, why take the trouble to make the effort involved in following it? The answer is because of the occasional gleams of real insight with which the gloom is shot. Like Schumann's music or Poe's poetry, it reminds you of nothing so much as of an autumn bonfire. The damp leaves send up a great curtain of smoke—one thinks of that thick left hand of Schumann's—while the eyes smart and the wits are fuddled. But every now and then a flame flashes out, flashes all the brighter for the surrounding obscurity. Then the gardener puts on more leaves, and all again is darkness.

Let me try to lighten the murk by summarising what I take to be the main argument of the book. The word "morals" in the title means the morals of Anglo-Saxon countries and, more particularly, of Great Britain. These traditionally are the morals of the English gentleman. For the English did not contribute anything original to morals. What they have done is to adapt and adjust to social ends the morals of other peoples. The result is a code of deportment symbolised by the Wykehamist motto, "Manners maketh man." Revealed to intuition, fostered by breeding and expressed generally in questions of taste and attitude, English morals are extremely difficult to describe, and can only be conveyed by hint and metaphor. They are, however, predominantly social. The "gentleman" is educated by his social climate—Mr. Heard's account reminds one of the description of the "great-hearted" or "magnanimous man" in Aristotle's Ethics—and gentlemanly behaviour is designed to promote social cohesion. Hence English morals "are the cement of society."

There are, Mr. Heard considers, five basic questions, the answers to which constitute the morality of a nation or class. Here they are, with the traditional English answers to them. What is felt about "Force ('don't kick a man when he's down'); about Sex ('once married, stick to your wife'); about Wealth ('be generous and pay all your debts of honour'); about your Word ('only a cad breaks it'); about Thought ('a decent fellow needn't think what's right to do—he knows it')."

Owing to changes of circumstance, mainly economic, a time came soon after the beginning of the century when these traditional answers which had served for so long served with diminishing adequacy; to-day, they serve not at all. The "gentleman" had impressed himself upon British morals, for his had been the governing class; but his was the governing class no longer, and the new governing classes, first the business men and now the bureaucrats, want something at once more precise and more articulate. It is partly the object of Mr. Heard's book to consider the efforts of the English to meet this new situation by devising a new set of morals which are appropriate to it. The task has assumed unprecedented importance owing to the familiar disparity between our power and our wisdom, the former increasing apace while the latter remains stationary or even diminishes.

But while this disparity affords grounds for pessimism, in another there is hope. The second disparity is between applied and pure science. Applied science, which has produced our civilisation, is also responsible for our present views on morals. Now applied science represents the pure science of fifty years ago, represents, that is, the materialist view of the universe. Hence the spate of mechanical devices which have transformed our civilisation and the subjectivist view of morals as the rationalisation of long-term social expediency. Morality was, on this view:

> "merely a sand-bar thrown up (and again eroded) by the tides of human convenience. Ethics had and could have no deductive relationship with cosmology. For our mechanical inventions, it was assumed, had demonstrated that the scheme and process of the cosmos was (*sic*) mechanical."

But pure science has to-day put mind back at the heart of things and favours a cosmology in which the spiritual and the akin underlie and condition the brutal and the material. Hence we may presently expect an equivalent revolution in the concepts of applied science and also of morals.

What are the criteria by which we are to estimate man's moral and religious advance? Broadly there are three, law, education and, rather surprisingly, hygiene, by which Mr. Heard means whatever affects the physical condition of a community, including the state of its hospitals and laboratories and the efficiency of its doctors and nurses. The decline of religious belief has given unprecedented power to doctors, nor is this power limited to the human body, for the doctors have largely usurped the function of the priest as the depositories of the secrets of the confessional. Thus the doctor competes with the legislator and the educator as one of the three chief moulders of the mind of man.

But the efficiency of law, education and hygiene is not an end in itself. Indeed, well administered laws, precise and orderly education, efficient and elaborate health services, if used for evil ends are worse than badly administered laws and inefficient health and educational services. It is better to be tortured by a ramshackle than by an up-to-date rack. Moreover, the ends must be such as are freely desired by free citizens. Much of what is taking place in the world to-day is no more than a "development from inefficient coercion to apt violence." Everything, Mr. Heard insists, depends, as Hitler showed, on the nature of the ends to which in terms of his three criteria we are progressing and upon how the ends are achieved.

Throughout this chain of argument the reader, knowing his Heard, has been in continuous expectation of a slide into mysticism. It is at this point that the slide occurs. There is a world of values and by proper training and the technique of ascetic practices man may attain "a direct experience of value." This experience constitutes "the ultimate, direct and unshakable sanction of all morality."

What are we to make of all this? Not, I suggest, very much. The book, as will be seen from the summary given, is full of ideas. In fact there are too many. In consequence everything tends to appear of equal importance and it is difficult to retain a sense of perspective. One wishes that Mr. Heard would restrict his scope, for the canvas is so wide, the brush so broad, the strokes so slapdash that no clear picture emerges. When one reads one of Mr. Heard's books one is temporarily stimulated. But when all is said and read, how little remains in the mind. And the reason, I suggest, is that the ear, deafened by the multitude of voices by which they are assailed, fails to obtain

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Illustrated London News, Sept. 7, 1850

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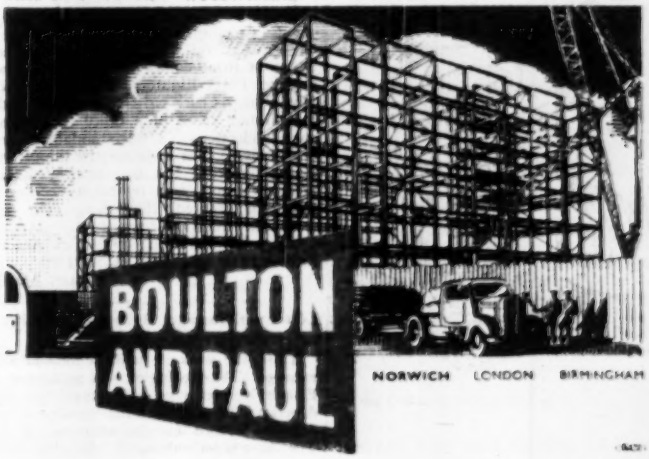

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any clear conception of what it is that is being said. If only Mr. Heard would not say quite so many things. . . .

C. E. M. JOAD

EXILES, IMMIGRANTS, CITIZENS

The Forty-Eighters. Edited by A. E. ZUCKER. *Columbia University Press: Cumberlege.* 30s.

A potato famine, a pogrom, a depression, a defeated revolution, each launched a hundred emigrant ships across the Atlantic, the hope of an American future spurring the despair of a European present. To this human tide, which flowed all through the nineteenth century, the Forty-Eighters were a small but important tributary. All of them political refugees, they left Germany in the years after 1848, at first exiles waiting for the day when a new German revolution would call them back, then immigrants, seeking to establish themselves in a new and different world, lastly citizens of the United States, dying in the Wilderness, at Antietam and Gettysburg.

At most, there were about four thousand of them. A sample given by Mr. Zucker in this admirable book of essays suggests that most of them were young men, more of them hailing from the small states of South-West Germany, than from Prussia, Saxony or Bavaria. Their background was usually professional or intellectual, and they eked out livings as journalists, doctors, lawyers, teachers and musicians, or found menial and uncongenial work as butchers, coopers, cigar-makers. The list of trades is varied and reveals the shifts to which the exile is driven: those with a skill or profession were the lucky ones. For the most part, they had served either in short-lived revolutionary governments, or in insurrectionary armies. Few of them were extreme radicals; more often they were romantic liberals, men with a passionate belief in liberty that made them uncompromising partisans of Negro emancipation and, to a lesser degree, of free thought, woman suffrage, civil service reform and other democratic causes. In them one can see the failings of German liberalism that led to the collapse of the revolution, but one can also see what Germany lost by crushing it, driving away the more enlightened and courageous to America's benefit, for only in America was there opportunity for the exile to make his mark and be accepted, to rise—as Carl Schurz rose—to General, Senator and the President's Cabinet.

The Forty-Eighters deserve a special study, for their importance was greater than one would guess from their numbers. Their ability, their status as revolutionary heroes, their growing conviction that there was a greater promise of democracy in America than in Germany, all these fitted them to give leadership to the German minority in the U.S., which was increasing rapidly through the normal process of immigration. Through the German vernacular press, through the *Turner* gymnastic clubs, community organisations and through politics, they not only helped to weld the German into an American, but they also helped him become an American with strong democratic inclinations. This achievement was above all important at the time of the Civil War.

The Civil War was the turning point. In the early and critical days, the Germans were among the most dependable units in the Union forces: they enabled Missouri to be held; the *Turner* companies were well-trained and disciplined; and the successful military career of many Forty-Eighters, from the ranks up to major-generals, bore witness to the value of their experience in the campaigns of the German revolution. Some historians even argue that the Germans, and especially the Forty-Eighters, were decisive in the victory of the Union. Certainly, the victory of the Union made them into complete Americans, men who had abandoned hope of another revolution in Germany, in which they would have a leading role, and who had accepted America as their new democratic fatherland.

Even before the Civil War, some of them had seen that this would happen—a vision which found its most radical expression in a remarkable book called *The New Rome*, written by Goepp and Poesche, published in 1852, in which they urged that the United States should become the centre of Atlantic federation which would one day battle with Russia for world supremacy, a contest which would be decided by the use of American air supremacy (twenty years before Kitty Hawk!) to destroy the Russian homeland and enable the Yankee to drive the Cossack from Europe. Such a blend of prophecy and desire was unusual; but there are many illustrations in this book of the conversion of the Forty-Eighters to militant American democrats, a conversion of which Carl Schurz was the outstanding example. The essays, on the political background, on the assimilation to the United States of these exiles, on the *Turner* movement, on the Forty-Eighters in politics and in the Civil War, are each written by experts and together form much more of a unity than is normal in such collections. Understandably, the authors are prone to over-estimate the importance of the Forty-Eighters; but by limiting themselves to a small group, and by taking certain assumptions for granted, they escape the more controversial questions about the impact of the German immigration, on which American historians have long been divided.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Letter to a Hostage. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. *Heinemann.* 6s.

This little work is partly a meditation, partly a message. The meditation was occasioned by Saint-Exupéry's brief visit to Portugal, on his way to America; he considers the wealthy refugees from occupied France and the emptiness of their lives. They have taken nothing with them but their property and are severed from their country and their past; rootless and unloved, they cannot animate their exile. At this point the writer remembers his years in the Sahara: "In the desert I am worth what my divinities are worth." He thinks of his absence from France and questions his own "divinities," his *lares*, his friends and the way of life he has resolved to defend. He recalls a day spent on the banks of the Saône with the friend to whom this letter is addressed and tries to convey the nature of their happiness on this occasion. "This quality of joy, is it not the most precious fruit of our civilisation?" The next link is an incident of the Spanish War, when Saint-Exupéry was captured by Anarchists; unable to make himself understood in Catalan, he was very nearly shot. He was saved by a smile, which reminded his captors that they were men, as well as political machines. Finally, the author addresses his friend—a middle-aged Jew who is in great danger—and, with him, the whole of occupied France. He has discovered the relationship between the absent soldier and those for whom he is fighting; he has also discovered that he is fighting for a certain way of life, for tolerance, "respect for man" and "the creative contradictions," which totalitarians of every kind are out to suppress. "Life creates order," he writes, "but order does not create life." The *Letter to a Hostage*, like all Saint-Exupéry's works, moves the reader by its purity, its honesty, and a beauty of style which proceeds from those qualities.

Lilies of the World. By H. DRYSDALE WOODCOCK, K.C., and WILLIAM T. STEARN. *Country Life.* 35s.

It is not rash to prophesy that this, the latest book on lilies, will long remain the standard one. Originally planned to be the third edition of Mr. Woodcock's well-known *Lilies, their Culture and Management*, published fifteen years ago, the present work, during preparation, outgrew that intention and is an entirely new book. The authors have enlisted the help and advice of "all the talents" on the subject, as may be seen from the long list of acknowledgements to British and overseas experts. There appears to be no aspect of lilies omitted from this satisfactory and comprehensive volume. Of its more than 400 pages, about a quarter is devoted to the various forms of lilies, their care and culture in woodland, garden and greenhouse. Propagation and hybridisation is also dealt with and a wealth of practical advice is given. The larger part of the remainder of the volume consists of a list of species and hybrids, with descriptions and botanical and bibliographical references. The volume is illustrated by a collection of nearly one hundred photographs and half that number of excellent line drawings.

American Argument. By PEARL BUCK with ESLANDA ROBESON. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

Pearl Buck, a White American who has spent most of her life in China, and Eslanda Robeson, a Negro living in the United States, here discuss problems which are of interest to women everywhere; and they bring to the discussion all the experience of their different race and background. Their argument ranges over a wide field. From such questions as children and education, marriage and old age, they move on to the issue of discrimination against Negroes, the role of the United States in world affairs and America's attitude towards the Soviet Union. Miss Buck is able to show how the Americans and Chinese differ in their social behaviour and Mrs. Robeson tells how the American way of life looks from the Negro angle. Although the book is stimulating and colourful, it suffers from an over-simplification of complex problems. Their argument runs so quickly from one subject to another that they have too often made only a superficial comment or a facile generalisation. Mrs. Robeson indicts the U.S.A. on many counts (and there is certainly a true bill on most of these indictments) but her criticisms are so bald and over-stated that even if one is prepared to accept much that she says and to understand the twist of bitterness, one is moved to say, sometimes: "Come, come." What matters is not to be told that America is Black and White; it is the much more difficult task of studying the American culture carefully to discover the changing pattern that lies between these two extremes.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,075

Set by C. S. Drew

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to write a 4-line epigram on the recent visit to this country of the Scala Opera Company from Milan, 500 strong. Entries by October 10.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,072

Set by Hunter Diack

In *Plain Words* Sir Ernest Gowers quotes a description of a cow by a child of ten. Competitors are asked to send similar descriptions of one of the following: a cartoonist, a barrow-boy, a contact man, a film director, a prima donna, a dramatic critic. Limit 200 words. Entries by September 12.

Report by Hunter Diack

An entry good both in quantity and quality: most of those that did not make me laugh made me smile. But that was not the passport to success. The question was whether the process that produced mirth was the same as that of the original. Many fell down on that point, chiefly because maturity kept breaking in. Prizes of a guinea and a half each to Chauve-Souris and Maurice Cassel. A guinea each to E. Calvert and G. T. Hodson, and a special prize of one guinea to Denis D. Constable, who produced the smoothest blend of social satire and schoolboy writing.

A PRIMA DONNA

A Prima Donna is a very fat lady. You often see her on the stage, yelling with a lot of other fat ladies. You always know the Prima Donna because she is the biggest and fattest and she yells the loudest. Sometimes a big fat man comes on and yells at her and she yells back at him. Then he rushes at her and grabs her and they yell together for a long time. When a man in front lifts his stick and tries to hit her she always yells and she does this every time he lifts his stick. He never really hits her because she is too far away but she goes on yelling just the same. This is all I know about a Prima Donna. CHAUVE-SOURIS

A prima donna is a singing lady. She sings by herself when everyone else is tired out. If any others join in she gets angry and screams very loudly. She has a big chest for the purpose of storing the air which is necessary in singing. When she throws her arms out she is taking in fresh air, and when she presses her middle she is squashing out all the bad air. She sings in a special language but when she wants everybody to understand she speaks in English. Sometimes she sings a wobbly kind of song without words and doesn't have time to breathe so the music men stop playing in case she goes on too long. If she isn't singing or making any noises she is filling up with air so that she can go on again without getting puffed. She works very hard and sometimes gets tired, but one of the gentlemen always helps to prop her up when she isn't feeling very well. At the end he holds her hand to stop her falling over and the curtain goes up and down quickly to give her air. G. T. HODSON

A BARABOY

A baraboy is not quite good frut apels plums essetra. Underneath the frut is a bord. This is to keep the frut off the grownd. Under the bord is wheels. This is to keep the bord off the grownd. This is the bara. On top of the frut is som very good frut so you dont see the frut. Also in front. On the frut is a card with a narf on it so small you cant see. On it big is so much per pownd to make you think it is cheep. A man does all this. He calls out his frut and if you say you dont see the narf he is rood. This is the boy.

P.S. Sometimes he is quite old.

MAURICE CASSEL

A CARTOONIST

A cartoonist is a man who draws as bad as he can. The men he draws are nearly always in lines and not very often shady. He does not use a ruler so sometimes they are wobbly. It does not matter about drawing bad because he only has to draw their habits. A cartoonist only draws you if you are a wanted man. The people who look at them are supposed to laugh. Sometimes they do. Especially if they know who the drawing is of. The man who the drawing is of should not laugh because he is being taught a lesson. Except if he is off duty and not being taught a lesson. A cartoonist gets a lot of money but the people he draws don't give him none. They think he is very clever and that is better than money. It is a good thing to have a cartoon made if you are nobody because everybody will see it and think you are somebody. Some cartoonists learn to draw and then they are called artists. It is a good way of getting a living if you are bad enough. E. CALVERT

THE CONTACT MAN

The contact man is a man who is very kind and very friendly. He asks lots and lots of people to tea. He helps them with their troubles. They thank him and send him presents and he gives the presents away to other people and makes lots and lots more friends. If a policeman catches you driving too fast you go and tell the contact man about it and he asks the policeman to tea and talks to him and everything is all right. The contact man does lots and lots of good and everyone likes the contact man because he is so kind and so friendly. The Government likes the contact man because he keeps the Government good and pure. If you are in the Government you have to be very good but the Government does not know if you are very good unless you are tempted and show that you are very good. So the contact man tempts you. If he finds you are not very good he tells the Government about it and the Government turns you out. So the Government is always good and pure because of the contact man.

DENIS D. CONSTABLE

CHESS: Crime and Punishment

No. 55

Our old friend "Mr. Snatch" who played such a lamentable role in the very first of these articles seems to haunt the memory (or even the conscience) of many correspondents. Some of them, inspired by my recent piece on "pawn-snatching," sent in accounts of personal experience. L. W. Barden relates the sad story of how he was ousted from the current London Championship. If (apart from my chessbook token) it is any consolation to him I would say that this particular pawn-snatch was loftily rather than sordidly motivated. He went into the adventure with his eyes open, the only trouble being that what he saw happened to be wrong, and what his opponent (S. C. Love) saw was right. This is what happened. (Barden, Black).

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(9) O-O	O-O
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-QR3	(10) P-B4	Q-Kt3 (a-snatching she goes)
(3)	P-B4	Kt-QB3		
(4)	P-Q4	P x P		
(5)	Kt x P	Kt-B3	(11) Kt-B5 !	Q x P
(6)	Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(12) Kt-QR4	Q-R6
(7)	B-K2	P-KKt3	(13) B-B1	Q-Kt5
(8)	B-K3	B-Kt2	(14) B-Q2	Q-R6

At this stage Barden still hoped for good counter-chances after (15) Kt x B, Kt-Q5 !, or even after (15) R-B3. But what White did play first was (15) Kt x P ch, and Black soon had to resign.

Another "story against himself" is told by Eric Allan, one of our point-to-point heroes who, in the recent Edinburgh Club Championship found himself in this position against S. L. Hart. Allan (Black) would seem to have a fairly safe draw; but, alas, the score-board prompted his going all out for a win, which in this case meant reaching for the moon (and being duly punished.) At any rate, he gallantly went snatching by

(60)	Kt-Kt8	(62) K-Q4	P-R5
(61) K-B5	Kt x P	(63) K-K3	K-K3

Allan still hoped to have at least his draw, but Hart refuted him by (64) Kt-Kt1 !, Kt-Kt8, (65) Kt-B3 ! And when Allan's last desperate "try-on" (65) . . . P-R6 was calmly ignored by (66) Kt-R2, our gallant pawn-snatcher could not but resign.

D. E. Cohen reports this amusing punishment meted out by him for the crime of rather primitive pawn-snatching. In this position Cohen (White) played R-Kt1. Black, after the exchange of pawns made his little snatch with the Q, only to be taught by Cohen's B x RP that now he must suffer either mate or the loss of the Queen.

Finally, one more fatal pawn-snatch from master practice. In this position—Tartakover - Reti, Teplitz - Schönau, 1922 — White played Q-Q5 and, when attacked by R-Q1 the White Q snatched the Black KP. An astonishing lapse for a master of Tartakover's stature, for that P, of course, was most indigestible. The wayward lady was promptly attacked by the Black KBP and could only be rescued by her gallant Knight's self-sacrifice. Too stiff a price for a pawn.

For this weekend's competition I propose two pieces which are instructive rather than particularly difficult. A—White to move and draw—certainly

A: Sam Lloyd

B: E. Zepler, 1936

should not rate more than 4 points, and if B (which is not quite as easy as it looks) is to rate as much as 6 points I mustn't give one of my broad hints. White to move and win.

Usual prizes. Entries by Oct. 9.

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REPORT ON COMPETITION

A: (1) P-B7, R-Q1 ch; 2) K-K1c, R-Q4 ch; (3) K-Kt4, R-Q5 ch; (4) K-B5, R-Q8; (5) K-B2, R-Q5; (6) P-B8 (R), R-QR5; (7) K-Kt8, etc.

B: (1) B-R7, B-B8; (2) K-Kt1, B-R6; (3) K-B2, B-R8; (4) B-Q4 !, B x B; (5) K-Q3, B-Kt7; (6) K-K4, etc.

Many correct solutions as well as some interesting comment on the degree of "reality" to be demanded in a study. Majority opinion of correspondents favours a position to be technically possible, but not necessarily plausible in terms of an ordinary game. The week's prizes shared by C. Allen, M. W. Beckelman (Paris), Leslie Hale, B. Muende, F. A. Rhoden. Leaders in the point-to-point race are Gerald Abrahams, A. J. Roycroft, Frijoff Selander, G. Roblin, J. A. Russ, all in the eighties. Former winners are still battling against their handicap.

ASSIAC

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TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CRANBROOK School, Sydney, New South Wales. Applications are invited, closing in London on October 20, 1950, for the position of Headmaster. The School, which is a Church of England School and is Member of the Headmasters' Conference of Australia and Great Britain, has Preparatory and Secondary sections with over 600 boys in attendance. It provides a full curriculum up to leaving certificate honours and matriculation standard. The number of boarders is 180. The salary and allowance will amount to £2,000 (Aust.) per annum and a house in the school grounds is provided in addition. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Full particulars and forms of application can be obtained from: Cranbrook Appointments Committee, c/o Australia House, The Strand, London, W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Professor of French and Romance from January, 1951. The salary is £1,400 per annum, together with a temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £75 per annum for a married man and £57 4s. p.a. for others; membership of the University Teachers' Provident Fund is compulsory. Further particulars and information as to method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 31, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Staff Tutor in Art and Craft in the Education of Young Children, to take up duties on January 1, 1951, or as soon thereafter as possible. Teaching duties will be mainly with classes of serving primary school teachers. Salary scale £500, rising by £50 to £1,100. Commencing salary will be within this range, according to experience and qualifications. Particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom nine copies of applications, giving the names of not less than three referees, should be lodged, not later than October 6, 1950. W. S. Angus, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (Services' Education). Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer (salary scale £550-£50-£1,100) or Assistant Lecturer (salary scale £450-£25-£500) in Educational Method. Preference will be given to candidates aged between 28 and 45 years and who have good academic qualifications and experience in Adult Education. The successful candidate will be required to live in the neighbourhood of Cotterick. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than October 2, 1950.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, Aldrington House, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex. (For the Treatment and Rehabilitation of the Nervous Disorders of Men, Women and Children). Psychiatric Social Worker required. Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports, viz. £370 per annum—£510 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be forwarded as soon as possible to the undersigned. W. E. Mitchell, Secretary, St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

BY arrangement with the Civil Service Commission, the Prison Commission invite applications for pensionable posts of Assistant Governors Class II (Men and Women) in H.M. Prison and Borstal Service. There will be about 8 vacancies for men and at least 1 for women. Candidates must be at least 21 on January 1, 1950, and must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work either with adolescents or adults. Salary (in London) for men £360 × £20—£580, for women £350 × £20—£470, rather less outside London. Starting pay may be increased by one increment for each year of age over 25 up to 30. Free unfurnished accommodation or an allowance in lieu. Application forms from the Establishment Officer (A.G. II/5), Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St., London, S.W.1, to be returned by Oct. 14, 1950.

ABLE administrator required by British Branch of international organisation (non-political, non-sectarian). Work mainly concerned with organising international voluntary work-camps of this country and abroad. Essential applicants genuine concern for peace through practical reconciliation without regard class, colour, creed. Salary £350-£400 per annum according to experience, etc. Box 8789.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Sister-in-Charge of a Residential Home belonging to the Southern Railway Homes for Old People. The Home accommodates 55 old people of both sexes, some of whom may be permanently resident and infirm old persons. Salary: £200 per annum with full residential emoluments for which no charge is made. Contributory Superannuation and attractive conditions of service. Applications to the Secretary-Superintendent, Southern Railway Servants' Orphanage and Homes for Old People, Oriental Road, Woking, Surrey.

RESIDENT Warden required. British with knowledge German, for small hostel. Apply Box 8796.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment as Reader in Psychology. The appointment will be within the School of Philosophy, and the Reader's research and teaching in the field, preferably, of the Social Sciences. The salary range is £A1,950–£A2,200, plus 20 per cent. for superannuation. General conditions of appointment together with information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 31, 1950.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Horley Community Association. Appointment of Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for post of Warden of Horley Community Association, Surrey. Applicants should have had considerable experience of social work, and a Social Science Diploma or other equivalent training qualification is desirable but not essential. Salary £400 to £450 per annum. The appointment will be temporary for twelve months in the first instance, but the person appointed will be included in the Authority's Superannuation Scheme. Further particulars and form of application, which should be returned within two weeks of this notice, may be obtained on receipt of a stamped 2½d addressed envelope, from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Sy.

NATIONAL Coal Board. Applications are invited from Solicitors and Barristers, having experience in Commercial and Common Law, for the post of Senior Legal Assistant in the Legal Department at Headquarters in London. Candidates should be good administrators and accustomed to responsibility. The appointment is on a salary scale of £955 × £55 to £1,325 per annum plus location allowance of £70–£94 per annum. The successful candidate will be appointed at a point in the scale according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing, giving full particulars (in chronological order) of age, education, qualifications and experience (with dates), to National Coal Board, Establishments (Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, marking envelope TT 298. Original testimonials should not be forwarded. Closing date October 23, 1950.

LONDON County Council Master Establishment. A competition for administrative vacancies in the master establishment will commence on November 6, 1950, in London. Simplified written examination in English, Essay, Arithmetic, General Knowledge and Intelligence Test to qualify for interview by Selection Board. Candidates must have been 18½ and under 21½ on August 1, 1949, and possess Higher School Certificate or equivalent. Permanent careers with good prospects of advancement by merit to higher positions up to £1,100 a year. Salary £240–£20–£300–£25–£350. Commencing rates above the minimum for established staff. Application forms (5.1. and details obtainable from Clerk of the Council (A.1.NS., County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed envelope required). Completed application forms must be returned by October 9, 1950, with the entrance fee of 15s.

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment as Editorial Assistant from persons with textile qualifications or experience, and good literary ability. The work involves the preparation of journals and books on the pastoral, economic, historical and technical aspects of Wool for publication in the educational field. Initial salary from £400 to £500 per annum, according to qualifications with superannuation (after qualifying period). Applications, accompanied if possible by samples of published work, should be sent to the Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

BARNS School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire. This recognised Residential Special School for 40 maladjusted boys ages 8 to 15, requires a qualified teacher, for General Subjects with special qualifications in Arts and Crafts. Applicants must have genuine concern for children and a grasp of up-to-date methods. Town Scale, plus Special School Allowance of £25 p.a., plus full board in view of residential duties. Applicants should be graduates or possess qualifications recognised by the Scottish National Committee for the Training of Teachers. English Certificated Non-Graduates are unlikely to enjoy parity of salary including superannuation. Apply Headmaster.

HOUSEFATHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £225 p.a., rising to £300 with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointments on the residential staff of a Home for Old People which is being opened shortly by the Southern Railway Servants' Orphanage & Homes for Old People in Woking, Surrey. There are vacancies for: State-Enrolled Assistant Nurses—salary £170 per annum. Cook (for 40 persons)—salary £1 16s. p.a. Domestic Workers—salary £92 10s. p.a. In addition to their salaries the resident staff will receive full residential emoluments, excellent conditions of service and contributory membership of a Superannuation Fund. Applications to the Secretary-Supt., Southern Railway Servants' Orphanage, Oriental Rd., Woking, Sy.

HOUSEMOTHER experienced required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £175 p.a. - £15 to £250 p.a., plus full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Office of Information. Applications are invited for a post of Translator into Spanish of varied material for publication abroad. It is essential that Spanish be the candidate's mother tongue. A high literary standard, a good knowledge of a wide range of subjects and typing ability is required. The post is graded Temporary Assistant Information Officer. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience within the scale £290 (£390 at 25 years) to £575 (men) or £290 (£370 at 25 years) to £460 (women). Written applications, giving date of birth, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held including dates, should be addressed to London Appointments Office, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, quoting reference number J.L.472. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised. Replies should be received not later than 14 days after date of the advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from chartered librarians for a post in the grade of Senior Library Assistant within the Education Library Services for duty at The City Literary Institute, Stukeley St., Drury Lane, W.C.2. The salary scale is £375 × £25—£450. In exceptional circumstances, a commencing salary above the minimum may be authorised. The person selected will have charge of the students' library at the Institute and may be required to undertake such other associated duties as may be required from time to time. Regular evening duty will be necessary, with compensating time off. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO. Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), should be returned not later than October 4, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (1200)

LEICESTERSHIRE County Council. Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications are invited from men and women with suitable qualifications for the post of Youth Officer for the North-West Area (Loughborough, Barrow-on-Soar, Castle Donington and Shepshed) of the County. Applicants should have practical experience of youth work and possess organising and administrative ability. Salary Burnham Technical Scale plus an additional allowance of £30 per annum. The post is superannuable and the appropriate Superannuation Act will apply. A car allowance will be paid in accordance with the County Council Scale. Further particulars of the post should be obtained from this office, and completed applications submitted with two recent testimonials to the undersigned within 21 days of the date of the appearance of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Education Office, Grey Friars, Leicester.

HAMMERSMITH Hospital (Department of Radiotherapy), 150 Du Cane Rd., W.12. Applications are invited for students wishing to undertake training as Radiographers in Radiotherapy. Full period of training two years. Fee for the complete course 50 guineas. Candidates must be educated to School Certificate or Matriculation standard. Applications for commencement of training on November 1, 1950, should reach the Superintendent Radiographer not later than October 18, 1950.

TEACHER (resident—woman) required for observing and organising the educational activities of children who are admitted for a period of two or three weeks to a Reception Centre conducted by the Church of England Children's Society in Balham, preparatory to a final placement. Experience of remedial teaching of backward children an advantage. Member Church of England. For further particulars apply, quoting S.T. and this publication, to Sec., Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

CONVEYANCING and probate clerk required by City solicitor: experience and ability to work without supervision essential. Salary about £712. Box 8716.

JUNIOR Shorthand-typist reqd. for Registrar's department. Wages £5 15s. rising to £6 10s. a week according to age and exp. Good working conditions. Five-day week. Five weeks' paid holiday. Pension scheme. Apply in writing, giving details of age, education and exp., to the Registrar, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2.

INTERESTING post for efficient shorthand-typist, preferably with book keeping and or correspondence knowledge German, in Personal Travel Service. Box 8735.

EXPERIENCED Secretary shorthand-typist to act as assistant to director's personal secretary. High salary. Experience of committee meetings essential. Apply Personnel Manager, 26 Jermyn St., S.W.1.

S TYPISTS, etc., seeking posts please apply Strand Secretarial Agency, 192 Strand, W.C.2. (Opp. Shell Mex Hse.).

ASSISTANT wanted part or full-time, pleasant personality, to help in antique business, preferably with experience, in S.W.3. Box 8748

WORTHWHILE job offered domesticated woman. Help foster mother, six children. Private house. Must be adaptable, genuinely fond children, country life, etc. Heatherlands, Aldringham, Leiston, Suffolk.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ARTIST, teaching experience, requires part-time work in Home Counties, from January 1951. Box 8685.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

EDUCATED Swede, 25, author & newspaper science writer, wishes any job abroad. Speaks English, French, German & Scandinavian languages. Understands Span., Portug., Ital., Latin. Bengt Sigren, Grevmagen 10, Bromma, Sweden.

RETIRED social worker, male, would like to hear of part-time post, if possible London district. Experienced in young people's work. Box 8593.

CIVIL Servant (30), Barrister, M.A. (Cantab.), seeks change. Knowledge languages, industrial, administrative & research experience, interested books, publishing, films & electronics. Own car, highest references. Whole or part-time employment. Box 8761.

EDUCATED woman secretary wants interesting, responsible post London. Varied exp. Interested social, medical, educational work, the Arts, etc. Box 8754.

YOUNG man, 23, imaginative, written novel, short stories & feature articles—unsuccessfully. Requires position as script writer or similar. Box 8743.

YOUNG man, experienced, qualified, needs chance of responsibility progressive farming. Interest in grassland, land fertility, pigs, etc. No compost fanatic. Box 8710.

CAPABLE gentlewoman, experienced hotel work, cooking, housekeeping, reception, wishes to manage or rent small hotel, guest house of character, for home and income. Intuitive, good connections. Box 8724.

ENERGETIC, reliable Australian, linguist, lawyer, Ph.D. Econ., London, seks. position. Anything considered. Box 8721.

YOUNG lady, B.Sc., secretarial experience, requires post. Box 8714.

MODERN languages M.A., fluent French and German, some Spanish, urgently seeks progressive literary, editorial post. Exp. magazine work, film scripting & production. Types, drives, has been around. Excellent references. Box 8706.

ARTIST, illustrator, 27, trilingual, good appearance, organising & administrative abilities, wants appointment with Gallery, Publishers, Organisation, School or adult education. Box 8683.

HONS grad. (hons.), 22; secti. exp.; artistic leanings; interest in foreign contacts, dealing with people. Any offers? Box 8684.

ANGLO-German legal qualifications & experience offered for banking, legal or commercial post by British barrister aged 37. Foreign Office employment just terminated. Good knowledge of both English & Continental business conditions. Box 8683.

FOREIGN lawyer, naturalised British, 2 univ. degrees, 5 langs., now £5 10s. p.w. temp. Civil Servant, wants change to enable ends to be met. Box 8696.

EX-STAFF Capt., 30, married, fluent French, a fair Urdu, well educated, wide experience India, seeks post preferably in or connected with India or Pakistan. Social knowledge staff and office admin. Good organiser. Box 8610.

YOUNG man, 21, speaks fluently German, Russian, Polish, Hebrew, seeks position with prospects. Willing travel, able drive car. Box 8483.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

RE-ADVERTISED. Previous inquirers invited to reply. Detached semi bungalow, Rural Oxfordshire. 6 rooms, sun-lounge, bath, W.C., garage, sheds, 'phone, mains water, electricity near. Attractive garden. 3rd acre. £4,000 or offer. Box 8614.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: 116 24 copies "Horizon"—except No. 7—perfect condition, offers?; Mee's Children's Encyclopaedia, complete, unbound, good condition, £3 or offer; Mahogany Georgian Secretaire Bookcase, adjustable shelves, £70; Old Oak Table, closed 4ft. × 2ft., open 4ft. × 5ft. 2in.; 18th Century square piano by Astor of London, recently restored by Morley, £95; Russian Linguaphone, (8 Linguaphone sets German course German Literature, £6 each or £10 two); Ivory and Bamboo Mah Jong, £5; Bamboo ditto, £3; "W. Watson Kama" Microscope, 2 lens and 1 fine objectives 10s eyepiece, triple nosepiece, carrier for substage condenser, maker's present value, £18; Automatic Stencil Cutter, 13 fonts, characters, £45 delivered, or offer; Mountaineering boots, 7½, almost new, £2 10s.; Portable Typewriter, Imperial, "Good Companion," as new (few months' old—good offers.

WANTED: "Time" (Atlantic Edition) of April 21, 1947; urgently required; Sound moderate priced 4-berth caravan; Linguaphone set Hebrew records; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. per word. 15d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN (Ham. 1359). Marx Bros. Festival Now. "Animal Crackers" (U). From October 2 "Duck Soup" (U).

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30 Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334) Evs (ex Mon.) 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. The Mask & the Face. Mems.

MERCURY, Park 5700. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Sat. 3.0. Mime Play L'Enfant Prodigue.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Sun., Oct. 1st, 7.30: "An Italian Straw Hat" (A. French.

ITALIAN Plays Festival. Outstanding Eng. Co. Rudolph Steiner Theatre. Oct. 22. To Live in Peace. Enq. & booking. GLA. 2692.

UNITY. "Winkles and Champagne," Victorian Music Hall and Melodrama. Weds.-Suns 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

FILM Society—Nth. Lond. Co-Op. Film Soc. present René Clair's brilliant farce "Le Million" on Oct. 12. Season also includes "Intolerance," "Potemkin," "Rhythm of a City," programme of "Avant-Garde" films, etc. All enquiries to: Hon. Sec., 40 Ecclesbourne Gdns., N.13. Membership open to all.

LONDON Film Club. Membership 5s. Next programmes: Oct. 4. Eisenstein's "October." Oct. 7: "Nanook" and "The Philadelphia Story." At Royal Empire Soc. Theatre. Parties: Sec., 20 21 Tooks Ct., Cursitor St., E.C.4.

BB.C. Symphony Orchestra. (Season 1950-51.) Royal Albert Hall. First Concert: Wed., Oct. 11, at 8. Overture, Leonora No. 3 (Beethoven), Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor) (Beethoven), Das Lied von der Erde (Mahler). Soloists: Mary Jarred, Frans Vroons, Claudio Arrau. Conductor: Issay Dobrowen. Single tickets (Res.): 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d. Gallery (standing): 2s. Programmes and full details of subscription ticket rates from Hall and usual Agents.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Oct. 1, 6.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Amadeus String Quartet. Schubert E flat, Tippett 2, Haydn F, Op. 77. Adm. 1s.

BATH Bach Festival, October 14-21. 14 Concerts. Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath (2½d. stamp).

EXHIBITIONS

AN Experiment in Embroidery Design. An Arts Council Exhibition. Holborn Town Hall, 197 High Holborn. Open daily, except Sundays, until October 7. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission free.

ROYAL Academy: Paintings from Woburn Abbey. Wkdays, 10-7, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by D. Khayatt; recent paintings by Oscar Dalvit and Watercolours by Paul Nash. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes Oct. 21.

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints are on show daily (9.30-6.0 and Sat. morn.) at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Illus. catalogue on request.

FLOWERS. Autumn Exhibition of Paintings in oil, gouache and watercolours. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PHOENIX Gallery stock the best Continental prints. A catalogue will be sent on application giving details of the large range of Old Master and French Impressionist reproductions. The Gallery, where framed and unframed pictures are always on display, is open from 9.30 to 6 (excluding Saturdays). 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Bacon. French Exhibition Posters. Paintings by Hilly. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Drawings, watercolours & gouaches by Iankle Adler.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Oct. 3. H. L. Beales, M.A., "The Schuman Plan." Adm. free. Collection.

WELCOME the Chinese delegation. Liu Ning-i, Vice-Chairman, All China Federation of Labour. Hsiao Chien, late London Univ. Madam Feng Yuhsiang (wife of the famous "Christian General"), and others. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 6.30 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall, W.C.1. Tkts. 6d. (s.a.e.): Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

LANGUAGES Learning with Sound Films. Further demonstrations on Wed., Oct. 4, 6.10 & 8.15 p.m., at 17 Irving St. (Leicester Square). French & German classes start Oct. 9.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday morning, at 11 a.m., Oct. 1: Professor J. C. Flugel, D.Sc., "Tolerance." Adm. free.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 5, 7.30: The Need of a Guru. All welcome.

ADLERIAN Society Lect. Thurs., Oct. 5, 8 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place. Hertha Orgler, "Alfred Adler—His Life and Message." Sec., R. Stamp, 32 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DELEGATES to Margate. Start your week with an interesting session at a Brains Trust of the Keep Left Group. Richard Acland, M.P., Fenner Brockway, M.P., Donald Bruce, Barbara Castle, M.P., Richard Crossman, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., Tom Horabin, James Johnson, M.P., Marcus Lipton, M.P., Stephen Swingler, George Wigg, M.P., and W. T. Williams, M.P., will answer the questions, and Ian Mikardo, M.P., will be the Questionmaster. Pioneer Hall, Clarendon Rd., Margate. Sunday, October 1, at 8 p.m. (doors open 7.30 p.m.). Admission 1s. at door. Proceeds to Isle of Thanet Labour Party.

FABIAN Society Autumn Lectures:—"Whither Socialism?—Values in a changing Civilisation." Livingstone Hall, Broadway, London, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Oct. 13, Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.: "Democratic Values." Oct. 20, Austen Albu, M.P.: "Socialism and the Study of Man." Oct. 27, Rev. John Grosser: "Does Socialism need Religion?" Nov. 3, Dr. J. Bronowski: "Lessons of Science." Nov. 10, Dylan Thomas: "The Artist's Approach." Nov. 17: R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.: "Socialist Values in a changing Civilisation." Tickets 2s. 6d., 4s. Whole Series 10s., 16s. Apply: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

INFANTILE Paralysis & Inoculations. Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1 (St. James's Park Uground., Victoria St. buses), Thursday, October 5, at 7 p.m., to expose dangers of "preventive" inoculations and particularly their connection with infantile paralysis. Speakers: R. Fielding-Ould, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.A., Barrister-at-Law, M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and other experts. Admission free.

DR. Wilhelm Unger (Editor "The Goethe-Year"), will speak on "Goethe's Message for our Time," Oct. 6, at 17 Great Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welc.

CATHOLIC Europe. Extension lecture by C. A. Smith, M.A., Ph.D., B.Sc. (Econ.): Interval Club, 22 Dean St., (Off Oxford St.), 7 p.m., Wed., Oct 4. Fee 2s. (or 17s. 6d. for course of 24).

YOGA and Practical Mysticism. Lectures, Friday, Oct. 6, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, at 1, 3, 5.15, 6.30, at 8 p.m. H. P. Shastri on "The Technique of Meditation," with Prof. H. H. Price in the chair. (Adm. free.)

WHAT We Saw in Poland. Delegates just returned from a visit to Poland will report on their experiences and impressions at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Friday, October 6, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers will include a Miner, Clothing-worker, Docker, Engineer, Foundry-worker and Youth Delegate. Tickets 6d. from British Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. LANgham 6593.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. October 1: Western Occultism.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RUDOLF Steiner's work for Social Reconstruction. Six lectures will be given at 105 Great Russell St., W.C.1, on the following Tuesdays at 7.15 p.m.: Labour & Capital in Harmony, Oct. 3. True Prices, Oct. 10. A Sound Money System, Oct. 17. The Source of Social Harmony, Oct. 24. The Foundation of Creative Genius, Oct. 31. Synthesis of a Threefold Social Order, Nov. 7.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). Residential Week-end Schools at Battle of Britain House, Northwood, Middlesex. The following Residential Week-end Courses have been arranged to take place during the Session 1950-51: October 13-15: "Mosses." October 20-22: "Fungi." October 27-29: "Propaganda and Public Opinion." November 24-26: "Economic Problems of S.E. Asia." January 26-28: "Democracy in Industry." February 16-18: "The Problem of Realism in 20th Century Painting." March 16-18: "The Art of the Novelist—E. M. Forster." April 27-29: "The Moral and Religious Life of Our Society." May 25-27: "Pond Life." June 22-24: "Child Delinquency." Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). The following evening courses are included in the University Extension programme for the Session 1950-51, commencing in September, 1950: Astronomy, Ballet, British Birds, Geology, London History, Plant Science and Horticulture, Pond Life, Science and Religion, The Art of the Film, The Honey Bee, The Social Services and the Family, Western Civilisation. Many other University Extension Courses will be held at suitable centres in London and the Home Counties, some of them leading to University Extension Diplomas in the Humanities. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

THE Arts Educational Schools, Ltd., 23 Lees Place, North Audley St., W.1. Mayfair 6122, have a few vacancies for pupils of school age wishing to specialise in Art (Painting and Drawing) in conjunction with their general education.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"LEISURE-Time" Courses in Child Study, Philosophy, Literature, Travel, History of London, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Folk Dancing, Crafts, Canteen, Common Room and Library at Mary Ward Settlement, 5/7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUSton 1816). Autumn Term commences Monday, Sept. 25, 1950. Enrolment from Mon., Sept. 18. Syllabus on application.

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